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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1868.

THE NEGRO AND THE NATION.

THE negro race has been set free in the United States, once and for all, and we are not and have never been among the number who regret the fact. That there are many who regret it, not for selfish reasons, but from a sincere, if mistaken, solicitude for the blacks, is unquestionable; yet it is also true that such persons have, for the most part, been known to entertain a prejudice which causes their anxiety to be regarded with suspicion. It is quite natural that the ardent friends of Emancipation should find it difficult to believe that those who opposed it are not necessarily and for that reason enemies of the negro race; and that they should regard any expressions of concern for the future of the Freedmen which come from such sources with incredulity. But, if natural, such estimates are scarcely just. No candid thinker who will forget party long enough to give the subject deliberate consideration can fail to see that the well-being of the two races in the South must necessarily hinge the one upon the other. Poverty and distress among the colored people would certainly—does certainly—react upon the whites. If either race is prosperous, the other can scarcely be otherwise. But neither can be prosperous if driven into a position of chronic antagonism to the other. Hence we hold that legislation which enforces such antagonism must ultimately ensure calamity for both. It is easy, of course, to construct a theoretical Utopia in which blacks and whites shall be compelled to live together upon a plane of fraternal equality, but statesmanship does not deal with theoretical Utopias, but with living, practical facts. Even if the line which divides the two races were not so sharply defined, even if no ethnological difficulties or precedents complicated the problem at all, the introduction of the element of force alone would make the experiment of peaceful solution a very dubious one. The war, whether caused by Slavery or not, was fought for the preservation of the Union. By tremendous and protracted efforts it was successfully fought to that end. As an incident of the struggle the blot of slavery was wiped from the national escutcheon, and the civilized world justly applauds the result. Its achievement was difficult, but the event has shown its possibility. Happily for us all, the nation still lives, and with wisdom, mercy, and toleration its existence may be indefinitely assured. Unfortunately, these qualities have been less conspicuous with our legislators than valor with our soldiers. To arrest a dangerous momentum, to prevent us from going too far, to preserve the constitutional advantages we formerly possessed, adding to them the vast gain of the abrogation of human slavery, while avoiding the perils of victory, undoubtedly required statesmanship of the highest order. In this, to our misfortune, we have been deficient; the consequences of that deficiency we are suffering in part at present, and we are menaced with others more serious in the future.

While rejoicing in the downfall of Slavery and accepting the catastrophe as the indispensable accompaniment of success in maintaining the Union, we have never doubted that gradual emancipation would have been better for the blacks themselves. Their unfitness as a body for immediate and unconditional freedom might have been deduced, upon general principles, from the circumstances of their former situation, and the experience of the last three years has afforded practical evidence of the soundness of the deduction. To do an act of national justice on a scale so unprecedented is a noble and imposing thing; and its importance and grandeur have been justly painted in eloquent and glowing colors; but this ought not to blind the judicious and patriotic to difficulties which were certain to follow, and which were equally sure to be in proportion to the dimensions of the sacrifice that entailed them. If the negroes had been free for a long time before the war, and had they been in all save the mooted ethnological respects on a par with the whites,

beyond question the embarrassments of giving them the suffrage would have been greatly diminished; but this unhappily not having been the case, and the direct incentives of their emancipation having been what they were, their enfranchisement was, and is, surrounded by difficulties which cannot be evaded, and which indicated in the clearest manner the wisdom and justice of present delay, whatever in the future it might be thought well to concede. No one doubts that there are in the country many intelligent, industrious, and conscientious colored people who individually might have the vote with profit to the community and to themselves. Aggregately, however, and especially under the exceedingly delicate circumstances, their unfitness and the risks of precipitate concession were so palpable that it needed all the blindness that partisanship so notoriously ensures to make men otherwise sensible insist upon a measure thus unprecedented and hazardous. Were the abstract propriety of such a measure positively demonstrable, it might be supposed that sagacious publicists would hesitate to impose the deepest possible humiliation upon a gallant and just conquered people; as it was, the plan partook almost of fatuity. Speedy reconciliation, mutual forbearance, the restoration of industrial prosperity, the reknitting of old social and business ties, these were the desiderata which common sense, not to say political foresight, recommended; the most infallible method of indefinitely postponing, or rendering impracticable, all such desiderata is what thus far has, in fact, been adopted.

The question of the prospective fitness of the blacks to vote was, of course, an open one. Discussion on this point was natural and proper, although, as we think, it would have been discreet to waive such discussion in a measure, until affairs became more settled. But to raise the question instantly and to make its affirmation the obligatory preliminary of the restoration of statal and national rights seemed to us from the outset a grievous error, and we have not yet seen cause to change our opinion. What Canning said in Parliament (March 17, 1824) respecting West Indian Emancipation applies as truly now as when spoken, applies to South Carolina as it did to Jamaica, but the application is still more forcible if it be considered as relating to the *enfranchisement* of the blacks instead of to their emancipation. Said Mr. Canning:

"If I am asked whether I am for the permanent existence of slavery in our colonies, I say, No. But if I am asked whether I am favorable to its immediate abolition, I say, No. And if I am asked which I would prefer, permanent slavery or immediate abolition, I do not know whether, under all the perplexing circumstances of the case, I must not say, I would prefer things remaining as they are—not, God knows! from any love of the existing state of things, but on account of the tremendous responsibility of attempting to mend it by a sudden change."

"Happily, however, we are not driven to either of these extremes. Between the two there is an open debatable ground. By gradual measures, producing gradual improvement, not only may the individual slave be set free, but his very status may be ultimately abolished. Such has been the progress of improvement in nations of Europe that once were most barbarous, and are now most polished. But such a consummation is not a measure of single enactment and of instant effect. Much is to be done, and much is to be forborne, before we can hope to arrive at it. The co-operation of adverse parties and the concurrence of various circumstances are requisite for its accomplishment; and, after all, the measure will eventually make its way rather by the light of reason than by the coercion of authority."—p. 8.

Immediate emancipation to the negro himself, I am most happy to hear the honorable gentleman disclaim. It would, indeed, be a fatal gift. To be safely enjoyed, it must be gradually and diligently earned. *Haud facile esse viam voluit* is the condition under which it has pleased Divine Providence that all the valuable objects of human aspiration should be attained. This condition is the legitimate stimulant of laudable industry, and the best corrective of ambitious desire. No effort of an individual, and no enactment of a legislature, can relieve human nature from the operation of this condition. To attempt to shorten the road between desire and attainment is, nine times out of ten, to go astray, and to miss the wished-for object altogether. I am fully persuaded that freedom, when acquired under the regulations prescribed by government, will be a more delightful as well as a more safe and more stable possession than if it were bestowed by a sudden acclamation.

"In dealing with the negro, we must remember that we are dealing with a being possessing the form and strength of a man, but the intellect only of a child. To turn him loose in the manhood of his physical strength, in the maturity of his physical passions, but in the infancy of his un instructed reason, would be to raise up a creature resembling the splendid fiction of a recent romance: the hero of which constructs a human form, with all the corporeal capabilities of man, and with the thews and sinews of a giant; but being unable to impart to the work of his hands a perception of right and wrong, he finds too late that he has only created more than a mortal power of doing mischief, and himself recoils from the monster which he has made."

"Such would be the effect of a sudden emancipation, before the negro was prepared for the enjoyment of a well-regulated liberty—I, therefore, would proceed gradually, because I would proceed safely."

Many people have been led, by unceasing and earnest declamation, into a belief that to give black men the vote was the only way to preserve the continued unity of the republic. They have been assured so persistently that the broken and defeated South, unless the negro were armed with the vote, would proceed not only to abuse the negro, but to develop a

fresh scheme of secession, that they have ended in believing it. It would not answer to lose the fruits of victory, and this was absolutely the only plan to retain them. The probability that Southerners would be much more likely to abuse the negro, and to attempt a fresh scheme of secession as a consequence of this plan, that it would necessarily act as a stimulant rather than a restraint, appears to have been in a great degree lost sight of. Of late it is beginning to be understood. Reason has begun to take the place of passion; not, possibly, in the national legislature, but among the masses of the people. It begins to be seen that we have to deal with the Southern population, white and black, as they are and not as we would have them; that their prejudice, ignorance, and necessities, whatever they may be, must be taken into consideration, and not ignored, in our action respecting them; and that any project which tends to place the two races in hostility toward each other cannot be patriotic, just, or wise. The future of the blacks is certainly doubtful; but with every kindly feeling toward them, and a sincere desire for their permanent welfare, we maintain that a race which needs special legislation to preserve it is not worth preserving. The negro should stand on his own legs and work out his own salvation. None of us in the North need have quarrelled about his fitness for the suffrage if a reasonable period had been allowed during which, without humiliating or exciting the animosity of his late master, he might have demonstrated that in a state of freedom he could rise to a condition to deserve it. But his hasty and artificial ascent to a position in some cases over the heads of the late master race is unjust to the blacks as well as to the whites. It develops an arrogance, a stupid, blundering self-esteem, and a rashness both of word and deed, that are morally certain to bring their possessor to grief. Most of us at the North have always alleged that Southerners were hot-tempered, impatient, incapable of self-restraint; but we must suppose them to be something above the average of well-balanced men, instead of something below it, when we imagine the inversion we are forcing on the South will bring forth only quietness and peace. The Radicals say, Never mind what it brings forth, we will carry out our policy; but is a policy worthy of support which runs enormous risks to secure a questionable advantage, and the probability of whose eventual success is opposed by all accumulated experience?

A certain preposterous idea, that we shall be all right in all things if we only go far enough, is the chief occasion of that advocacy of radical measures which has done so much toward involving us in misfortune. The idea is based upon a well-meaning but hallucinative theory, that *thoroughness* can only be attained by going to extremes. On the principle that we have the highest cataracts and biggest rivers and widest prairies, it has been easily accepted that we were to distance all precedent in other respects and compel in a year what, if done at all, should be the normal growth of at least a generation. We have attempted to dispense with Mr. Canning's axiomatic condition, have striven "to shorten the road between desire and attainment," and thus we find ourselves astray and in danger of missing the wished-for object altogether. In truth, most good things in this world are the result of deliberate, and not of spasmodic, action. The best laws are those which grow and are not made. The best intellectual effort of any kind is made when the mind has had ample time to secrete the germs of thought, and the mechanism is slowly used that ripens them into speech. We speak not now of the abstract right or wrong of negro suffrage, of its ultimate necessity or superfluity. Opinions on these points greatly vary, and it is well that they should be declared with unrestricted freedom; but that either the black race or the nation can profit by the precipitate concession of a privilege it is all unprepared intelligently to employ we do not believe, and evidence is yet to be forthcoming which shall serve to reverse our conviction.

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

THE wrongs of Ireland began soon after the quarrel of Henry VIII. with Rome, which made the English a Protestant people without at the same time converting the Irish from the faith of their forefathers. In consequence of this quarrel the entire property

and revenues of the ancient Church passed into the possession of the new, and thus were laid the foundations of that political, social, and religious misgovernment under which Ireland was doomed to suffer from the days of the Tudors down to those of the Guelphs. Contrary to every principle of moral and material justice, a whole people were made to support a religion professed only by a small number of alien residents. The Catholic Irish were asked to furnish the means for an ecclesiastical system from which they could not only derive no possible advantage, but which their consciences led them to regard as a damnable heresy. Ten-tenths of the population were compelled to contribute toward the maintenance of a clergy belonging to a church whose dogmas were recognized by not more than one-tenth. Such an unnatural arrangement could, of course, only be preserved by brute force, and it is, therefore, not strange that even during the present century the military and the constabulary should still have been the auxiliaries of the Protestant Church. The most determined resistance was frequently encountered in the collection of the tithes. In 1832 this resistance became so desperate and sanguinary that out of £100,000, no more than £12,000 could be extorted from the people. What rendered this scandal still greater, was the well-known fact that a large share of the "blood money" went into the hands of sinecurists. There always have been, and there are now, Episcopal parsonages in Ireland where incumbents are absentees—munificently salaried shepherds without flocks—while the incumbents of others receive hundreds annually for attending to the spiritual wants of perhaps a dozen of their co-religionists. Abuses like these called loudly for correction, but long in vain. At last, after protracted Parliamentary agitation, the tithes were lowered one-fourth, and changed into a ground rent. The land-owners, mostly men of wealth and supporters of the state religion, were made the tax-payers, and the collection of tithes became easy and simple. A few figures will, however, demonstrate sufficiently that this so-called equitable compromise did not cure the real evil. The Episcopal establishment in Ireland, which counts 693,300 members in a population of 5,720,000, enjoys an annual revenue of £600,000. One-third of this income is derived from landed property, while the other two-thirds is collected in tithes. Now, who pays these tithes? Directly, the land-owner, but indirectly, the tenant. And as the tenants are the Catholic people of Ireland, it is they who are taxed £400,000 a year for the benefit of the Anglican Church and her servants.

The question whether one nation is really fit to govern another may still be treated as an open one. Thus far the experience of history seems, however, against it. Whatever objections may be urged against the extreme to which the nationality principle has been carried in our day, it is not to be denied that this principle has become a potent factor in modern polity, and that no government which seeks the brutal oppression or extinction of another people has ever yet been materially benefited by it. It is under the federal system alone that different nationalities can hope to live together in harmony, as may be seen by the familiar example of Switzerland, and as Austria has been more recently compelled to acknowledge after a most painful experience. This law of nature is strikingly illustrated by the centuries of misrule to which the Saxon has subjected the Celt, for the question at issue between England and Ireland is emphatically a question of race, and their antagonism is based upon a law of nature which can be overcome neither by violence nor conciliation. When the Mayos, Stansfields, and other Tory orators, therefore, boast that the people of Ireland have been governed by precisely the same laws as the people of England, they never touch the real point. Even were this the case—which it is not, for the attempt has only been made within the last decades—it would still remain the worst possible plan. To govern "like England" a country and a people that have nothing in common with her, and which present an irreconcilable contrast, would, under all circumstances, be a gross blunder. Ireland differs radically from England. She has no historical associations, no national sympathies, with her. The heroes of England have been the scourges of Ireland. In England Cromwell's memory is honored as the champion of

political and religious freedom; in Ireland he is only remembered as the author of the massacre of Drogheda. When the Englishman speaks of William the Fourth he sees in him the man who freed the country from the tyranny of the Stuarts; the Irishman merely recalls him to mind as the faithless king who violated the treaty of Limerick and approved the "bloody code." The list might be continued indefinitely. When Bonaparte was lampooned as the Corsican adventurer by English pamphleteers and ballad-writers, the Irish poets sang pæns to his greatness. When Fox had lost the confidence and love of his own countrymen, he was almost worshipped by the Irish. Garibaldi is popular in England, but in Ireland he is the reverse even among those classes who are superior to vulgar ultramontane prejudices. We repeat, therefore, that nothing could be more mischievous than the idea to govern Ireland as England herself is governed. On the contrary, she wants to be governed entirely unlike her, and a decentralizing policy will have to be adopted before Ireland can become a sound member of the empire. The total separation of Ireland from England is only desired by a small fraction of the people. Whatever their national antipathies may be, they know that they could not exist without the connection, although some may maintain that England could not do without Ireland. And this assertion has a certain plausibility in its favor, for Irishmen have always taken a prominent share in English affairs. Apart from the press, which is for the greater part in the hands of the Irish, the number of high officials who are natives of Ireland is surprisingly large. Three of the highest judges, the most celebrated lawyers, the bravest generals and admirals, are Irishmen. Sir Richard Mayne, the chief of the London police, who has been so zealous in the Fenian troubles, is an Irishman. Every British Ministry has some Irishman in it, and under the Derby régime the first Lord of the Admiralty and the Minister of War belonged to that nationality. Such connections cannot be easily sundered. But even though Fenianism has no future, England must none the less begin to govern Ireland as Ireland—in other words, let her govern herself—if she would root out the antagonism of race and creed.

Independent of the ultra Protestant Orangemen of the North, who are mostly of Anglo-Saxon descent, and have never sympathized with the native population, Ireland may now be said to be divided into three great parties, all more or less disaffected toward the English government. To the first belong the Fenians, recruited principally from the lowest strata of the people, who insist on entire separation and annexation to the United States. The second comprise the anti-Unionists, or Repealers, who demand an English von Beust, and the same autonomy for Ireland in the British empire as that which Hungary has lately obtained from the Austrian. This party, though not the most numerous in times of excitement, is yet the most influential. To the third belong the Unionists, represented in the imperial Parliament by Maguire, the O'Donoghue and others, who desire the preservation of the union of 1800, but hope to obtain such radical reforms as can be secured by strictly constitutional means. This party comprises the higher society, and its influence only makes itself felt in tranquil times. These three factors the British government has to take into account in dealing with Ireland. The Repealers are only just regaining their ground, and a statesmanlike policy might win their confidence. Mr. Gladstone's resolutions are already a step in the right direction, for the solution of the Church question involves the solution of many others. Let the 800,000 acres, which number includes also the glebelands owned by the Established Church, once revert to the state, and the land tenure grievance can easily be settled without prejudice to vested rights, on the admirable plan suggested by Mr. Bright.

A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE FOR NEW YORK.

"CURSES," says the Arab proverb appositely quoted by General Damas in Bulwer Lytton's play,—"curses are like young chickens, and still come home to roost." We fear that Mr. Greeley never heard of this proverb, or that, having heard of it, he never, in the simplicity of his guileless nature, thought of the universality of its application. And yet time

was, and that not long back, when there was talk of battering down *The Tribune* office, and of hanging to lamp-posts the mischievous ideologists, its editors, and of meting out to those who had done so much to bring misery and fratricidal war and ruinous burdens upon the nation, some taste of the bitter cup they had pressed to the lips of others. Time was when wicked rioters, who did not believe that a man must needs be virtuous because he is inattentive to the amenities of life, or that even the sweet artlessness of an infantile manner ensures in its possessor a catholic sympathy for humanity, were really bent on making Mr. Greeley a martyr, by inflicting upon him something of the same sharp treatment he had so often invoked for dastardly slaveholders, or indeed for all who were so "wicked" as to disagree with him in opinion. It might have been supposed that this experience would not have been quite lost even upon a philosopher. It might have been supposed that the folly of imputing criminality for difference of opinion, and the grotesque absurdity of seeking to hurt people's bodies because their minds are not at one with our own, would have so far come home to Mr. Greeley, as to make him extremely cautious, for the future, about teaching

"Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague the inventor;"

and to cause him to live in wholesome terror of the "even-handed justice" which

"Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice

To our own lips."

But Mr. Greeley, like the family whose chief representative is now mourning over Sadowa, appears to learn nothing and to forget nothing. He is dissatisfied—and probably justly—with the New York Tax Levy; he naturally desires to express his dissatisfaction. Is he content to say that the amounts are excessive, to urge his political friends to increased exertion to prevent such things for the future, and to enter upon that close scrutiny and criticism of the appropriation list that propriety and the interests of the public justify and demand? By no means. Such a ludicrous exhibition of temperateness and decency would be, in our modern Cato's judgement, utterly inappropriate and ineffectual. His method of meeting the case is far more pointed and conclusive. It is no less than a proposal that the people shall hang to lamp-posts or cut the throats of certain marked individuals who are supposed to engineer the obnoxious Tax Levy, and of others who may be similarly employed for the future. The fact that we have, as is alleged, an extravagant municipal impost justifies Mr. Greeley, as he declares, in assuming that New York has become as bad as, or worse than, San Francisco, Vicksburg, Natchez, or any other modern Sodom or Gomorrah of our unfortunate country; and the remedy, as pointed out by Mr. Greeley, is to be that adopted in the former city, namely, a Vigilance Committee, which, overriding or setting aside the law, shall proceed to lay hands upon, hang, shoot, or exile all the objectionable people whom good (Radical Republican) citizens shall think proper to wreak their vengeance upon. In San Francisco this summary process worked to a charm; the situation of New York has become similar to that of San Francisco; hence Mr. Greeley assumes a Vigilance Committee will work to a charm in New York.

The assumption, like most assumptions from the same source, will not hold water. It is defective for several reasons, each of which is conclusive, and each of which illustrates the incoherent, inexact, slip-slop, and slap-dash manner that characterizes *The Tribune* and makes its editorial columns so flatulent and untrustworthy. In the first place, the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco did not originate in public indignation at the misappropriation of the public moneys, but in public alarm because of the insecurity of private life and property. When the Committee for the second time usurped the powers which it averred the law had failed properly to direct, the immediate incentive consisted in the assassination of the editor of *The San Francisco Evening Bulletin*, Mr. James King, of William, by one James P. Casey, who was indeed a local politician, but whose deeds or misdeeds in that regard were quite unconnected with the action of the Committee. It was because of the murders, robberies, and other unpunished and apparently unpunishable atrocities which had increased in San Francisco to a fearful extent, that the Vigilance Committee, including, with-

out doubt, a large number of the most respectable citizens of the town, thought proper temporarily to supersede the regular authorities, to hang Mr. Casey and some other offenders, and to send out of the country a number of others. And although some of these latter have subsequently recovered damages from members of the Committee in Atlantic cities, it cannot be denied that the general sentiment of the well-intentioned public of California at the time the Committee usurped power was that it was the best, if not the only, remedy for evils that had become too great to be endured. The difference between the two cases is sufficiently palpable. In San Francisco crimes against the person and property had produced anarchy. In New York there is an alleged excess in expending public money, the allegation coming from a political enemy of the stigmatized officials. A Vigilance Committee set things right in the former locality, and a like panacea, with the pleasant accompaniment of throat-cuttings and hangings-to-lamp-posts, is consequently Mr. Greeley's implicit recommendation for the latter. Experience having shown the merits of the expedient in the Golden, we are forthwith to enjoy its advantages in the Empire, city. The hypothesis surely requires no more serious refutation than do most hypotheses from the same quarter. There is very little more sense in it than there would be in saying that because a man goes dirty and calls his antagonists bad names, he must inevitably be a thoroughly kindly, upright, and generous man.

Yet even were the cases in fact, what they are thus erroneously represented to be, strictly parallel; even if, from accidental circumstances, the proportion of Sidney "lags," gamblers, "shoulder-strikers," and runaway thieves were to swell in New York to their relative numbers in San Francisco at the time referred to; and even if the evils inseparable from universal manhood suffrage had thus augmented, without counterpoise, to a degree apparently insufferable, this remedy suggested by a Republican paper, a professed enthusiast for the rights of the people, is surely childish and, some will say, criminal. What was a very small affair in San Francisco would be a very large affair here. A few companies of United States troops could at any time have enforced order in San Francisco and have controlled both Vigilance Committee and the rascals they sought to punish; but no such power could produce the like effect here were the contingency to arise on an equal relative scale. What was a mere *émeute* on the Pacific would here be a revolution; and although the law might ultimately be vindicated and order restored, it would doubtless be at a great cost of blood and money. Perhaps Mr. Greeley does not mind such a sacrifice. Provided he can have his way, it may be said, he has shown sufficient readiness to submit to similar expenditures. To be sure, the burden, in such cases, fell on the public, whom he is always so solicitous to protect, rather than on himself; but it would be ungenerous to insist that this would make any difference in his advocacy. Whatever may be said of Mr. Greeley, it must be allowed that he is fair-minded and incapable of being biased by political or personal considerations. Had the men who have made up, or who are to profit by, the Tax Levy been Republicans instead of Democrats, without doubt we should have had the same sanguinary outburst about Vigilance Committees and lamp-post hangings. It would not have made a bit of difference; not the least in the world. No apprehension of disagreeable reminiscences, or of the moral of the Arabian proverb about young chickens, would have prevented the anathematizing of naughty Republicans any more than of naughty Democrats. Mr. Greeley is assuredly one of the shining few who make no difference between their doxy and any one else's doxy. We say, therefore, let him have his Vigilance Committee by all means; but let him—we tender the advice in no unfriendly spirit—let him, if he wishes to avoid possible inconvenience, follow the example of some prudent San Franciscans and take an incidental sanitary tour just about the time the Committee goes into active operation.

WOMAN AND THE CYNICS.

EVEN the worm, we are assured on good authority, will turn when trodden on, and it is not to be wondered at that the British lioness, after long suffering in scornful silence the contumely and manifold worri-

ments of that bad little boy of *The Saturday Review*, who will persist in poking up the animals in the national menagerie just to hear them roar, should lose her temper at last and betray a strong disposition to turn upon her persecutors and rend them. Doubtless it is good fun for the little boy, but rather unpleasant for the animals, and the British lioness is not the most patient of her tribe. So we are not surprised to find in the eloquent address of Mrs. Pochin before the late large and, of course, enthusiastic Woman's Suffrage Meeting at Manchester, indignant expression of the growing irritation and disgust which thoughtful English women are beginning to feel under the lash of that censorious journal; just as in the sensible speech of Miss Alice Cary, at a recent meeting of *The Women's League*, one may trace a corresponding dissatisfaction with the course of our own press on the same subject. And it is not to be denied that in both these protests there is considerable justice, that the press of both countries have shown a flippancy and unfairness in their treatment of woman's cry for justice, which might explain and excuse a great deal of feminine resentment. Satire is the weapon which, more than any other, women, like children, dread and shrink from, yet satire—and often, it must be confessed, as Mrs. Pochin asserts, of the clumsiest description—has been almost the only answer vouchsafed, either in this country or in England, to their claims for recognition. Whatever we may think of the justice or propriety of their demands, their earnestness should entitle them, at least, to a patient hearing and respectful consideration, which have very rarely been accorded them. And that they are thoroughly in earnest, such demonstrations as this at Manchester go far to show. Nor is it any answer to say that the great majority of women never trouble their heads about their rights at all, but are content to go on in domestic slavery and happiness. This is probably true, but it is equally true that the great mass of mankind think as little of any matter which does not immediately touch their selfishness. In both cases the measure of earnestness and force must be looked for in the loftier spirits, who have emancipated themselves from the servitude of conventional prejudices and narrow beliefs, and every-day littleness, whose larger natures can comprehend the glories of a future which their keener gaze has penetrated. And the leaders of this woman movement being in earnest as we believe them to be, it is not only unjust but cruel and unmanly, in view of the greater sensitiveness of their sex, to slight their aspirations and ridicule their aims.

In this respect, it is true, English women have had far more reason to complain than their American sisters, in so far as no American journal has equalled the bitterness and, in proportion to its bitterness, the unfairness of the spirit in which *The Saturday Review* has chosen to meet this female crusade for reform. It is a curious proof at once of the influence of the press and of that subtle freemasonry of sex which binds women together for mutual defence in a way unknown to men, that these general and impersonal assaults on the womanhood of the present should be felt and resented by women as men would never feel or resent any attack on themselves as a body. But, perhaps, it is as well that the women have taken occasion to put on record their protest against this indiscriminating abuse. Public men, and particularly journalists, are apt to forget in the glare of glittering generalities those amenities of discussion which obtain in private intercourse, and whose omission they would be the first to reprobate. The slander which a gentleman would be incapable of speaking in his private character about any woman whom he knew and respected, he thinks himself at liberty to print about womankind in general, forgetting that this wholesale condemnation embraces and convicts mother, daughter, sister, wife—all who are dearest to him, and whose honor he would be swiftest to defend. And when, as is often the case, the libel has not even its truth to justify it, when the calumny is manufactured from the fertile brain of the writer for the amusement of his readers, when foibles are exaggerated into faults and errors embellished and shaded into vices, when one's ideal of womanhood is degraded and dragged in the dust to show the skill of a literary word-monger, ought we to wonder that thoughtful and pure-minded women grow restive and indignant under the unjust judgement of an irresponsible tribunal which convicts without a hearing and sentences without appeal? Of course, it is easy to say that there are no longer any thoughtful or pure-minded women, or only exceptionally—lonely and lovely tide-marks to show the height from which the excellence of womanhood has ebbed. We have all heard these praises of the past; perhaps if we are

old enough we have even a little indulged in them. The far-remembered time of youth is always a golden and a gracious age, when all things were better and more beautiful than in the grim and gloomy present. But, making all allowance for this natural human propensity, it may be doubted if the women of to-day are much worse, on the whole, than their mothers and their grandmothers were before them. And we greatly suspect that the accomplished oratrix at Manchester came very near the mark when she accused *The Saturday Review* of tilting at "some unknown monstrosity, living, if anywhere, in the inmost recesses of London society, or, as is most probable, evolved by it [*The Saturday Review*] out of its own consciousness (a kind of mental Aunt Sally on which to practice the careless skill of its leisure hours)." Of course this is only a suspicion; we are not prepared to say that London society is not as bad as the reviewer paints it, or that Englishwomen are not the monsters of indecency and heartlessness he would have us believe. But from analogy we venture to doubt; we are sceptical even of his belief. We have read such things about our own women; we have been shocked by their immorality, we have held up hands of horror at their license, we have in turns bemoaned or denounced their criminal extravagance. And no doubt a great many of our ladies do spend more money than is quite consistent with a virtuous frugality, many of them indulge in eccentricities of costume which a rigid moralist must condemn. But on looking round us to justify by experience the fine indignation awakened by these censures, do not we find with some surprise that most of the girls of our acquaintance—the girls we dance with and flirt with and take to the opera, the girls that we have read all these horrible things about—do not we find them in the main rather nice girls, modest girls, well trained and well-behaved girls, after all? Not very intellectual, perhaps, but for the most part far more intelligent than the majority of the young men that bring a simpering worship to the shrine of their fresh, young beauty. Not very thoroughly educated; most of them prone to be erratic in their grammar, and charmingly inconsequent in their few ideas; but pleasant, nevertheless, to talk to; accomplished, even, in those pretty little æsthetic trivialities that nowadays take the place of education; merry and light-hearted, frank enough, loving enough, good-tempered enough; not indecently given to cosmetics (is it unknown to masculine youth to tint its lips or paint its eyebrows or curl its languid locks?) and artful only with all legitimate arts of innocent coquetry. Perhaps they may be a little too anxious to get married, since marriage gives them independence; but if so, is it not the fault of that stupid old public opinion which makes marriage almost their only reputable *métier*? Perhaps, too—indeed it seems only too sadly true of our own countrywomen, as *The Saturday Review* says it is of British wives—fashion, physical weakness, ill-regulated notions of right and wrong, or errors of education, may have made them believe that maternity is not the glory and the crown of marriage, but its thorn and its shame; yet even here they have so potent an authority as Mr. John Stuart Mill to uphold them, and only God and nature to say them nay.

The mistake of *The Saturday Review* seems to us to consist in confining its observations, if these be real and not imaginary, to a field too narrow to furnish sufficiently trustworthy data for such sweeping condemnation. The world that suggested, for example, its recent diatribe on *Woman and the World* is probably a very small, a very exclusive, a very exceptional world—the world of Belgravia and Tyburnia—a world where cultivation has ripened into rotteness, where luxury and leisure have sown the seeds of license; a world we should judge altogether unfit to furnish adequate representatives of true English womanhood. When it shall have given over beating those aristocratic covers, whence it flushes such unsavory game, when it shall have shown up to us conclusively the degradation and decadence of that great, solid English middle class wherein Mr. Roebuck finds so much to elate him, and Mr. Matthew Arnold so much to make him despondent, then we shall begin to believe that there is some ground for this outcry about the degeneracy of that womanhood so nearly akin to ours, and whose fall would be so ominous a warning to our own. But these enquiries, it seems to us, might be made in a gentler and more kindly spirit. Rightly or wrongly a number of women have become convinced that they have another mission in the world than to boil mutton or sew on buttons—that they have other rights than the right to obey, other duties than the duty of coddling a selfish and often ungrateful spouse. They have become convinced, in short, of a number of

things which, to the majority of men, seem fantastically Utopian or wildly absurd. Yet most reforms have so impressed the majority of men at their inception, and it is only fair to hear what the women have to say for themselves in sober earnestness and serious attention. At any rate, it seems needless cruelty to add to the injury of denying what they may possibly regard as just demands, the insult of a contemptuous neglect.

GOOD PREACHING.

WE have lately read with some interest several articles bearing on this subject, among which have been *Pulpit Talent in Hours at Home*, by Dr. Bushnell, and one on *The English Pulpit in The North British*. Dr. Bushnell considers the qualifications of a preacher. They are four; but the man who has them will find himself obliged to take into consideration so much else that his success cannot depend on them. The other article is principally historical. We conclude that no man can make himself a preacher. He can, and must, do much toward it, but with his own preparation merely and no inspiration he fails. Popular preachers or, if the term is invidious, great preachers are such without effort for distinction, except that which comes from a work well done; and some, like Robertson of Brighton, have dreaded the idea of becoming popular preachers. We imagine the conditions of success in this profession are much the same as in any other. The aspirant must have ability, scholarship, or, more properly, education acquired at some time before success, and earnestness. But men succeed and fail here as elsewhere, and the result is unaccountable; yet although few can become great preachers, many can become better preachers than they are. One of the most serious faults found in a poor preacher is an affectation in voice or action—perhaps in time become natural. A poor sermon spoken or read in the preacher's own voice and manner, as he would address a few friends in his drawing-room on some subject interesting to them all, would be an entirely different affair from the same sermon as usually declaimed from the pulpit.

Another grave fault is the too ambitious use of language. The poor preacher is Johnsonian in the weight of his words. They cover up poverty of thought, and pass with the ignorant as badges of learning. If the man is indolent, he is right; but if he is a good scholar and seeks to present ideas, he is wrong. Simplicity of style is the last result of good writing, but it requires matter; and he who really has something to say should try to say it simply, leaving the learned or ponderous style to cover barren thoughts. Beauty shows best in the simplest robes. Such a style is liked by the ignorant and the educated. The former get the preacher's thought and, if good for anything, they forget the garb in which it comes. The latter love a simple style for much the same reason that gentlemen wear plain clothes. Augustus Hare wrote sermons which are models of style. They were preached to the rudest people in England, and they were readily understood by them. The words are of the simplest and the illustrations are drawn from the objects which surrounded his hearers. These sermons are now the admiration of practised intellects, as they were once of the poor peasantry to whom they were addressed. Augustus Hare was thoroughly educated, and the man who, without training, should attempt his style would probably fail. But our preachers should be educated. There is no excuse for them if they are not. They neglect their profession, disgrace it, and fail where success, if anywhere, is a duty. A very serious cause of failure remains to be noticed. It is the matter which is contained in sermons. Many preachers, either through ignorance or from fear of arousing the opposition of the uninformed, ignore in their discourses the great liberal movement taking place in theology, and preach old abstractions, as if they still had interest; and old dogmas, as if they still had life. The intelligent portion of a community stay away from such preaching. They pass their Sundays in reading the ideas which their clergyman should have preached from his desk; and while he is preaching to a sleepy congregation the exploded doctrines of the last centuries, a new church is silently forming around him. Our ablest clergymen of all denominations are examining the theological tendency of the age, and are abreast with it, leading public opinion, and not lagging behind it. So that in all our churches, of whatever name, there has come to be noticed two styles of preaching, one the old and the other the new: the one seeking to preserve life in what is dead, the other encouraging thought and speculation, and making all things, all discoveries, all enquiries, science and

philosophy, contribute to the full development of Christianity in the minds and hearts of the people.

Christ no longer resides in a formula. Belief in this dogma or that is no longer the badge of the Christian. It is no longer saintly to believe in impossibilities. I believe because it is impossible, has ceased to be an article of faith. But he is "Christed" who manifests to the community in which he resides the divine influence dwelling in his heart. The good preacher must, then, understand his times. He cannot go back and produce to a modern congregation even the sermons of Massillon or Tillotson. Science might as well claim that Newton and Davy are still the great lights of the age. No matter what the church may be, the preacher has it in his power to mould the minds of his hearers in the direction toward which the world moves. He has no right to teach mediæval sophistry, and persuade them that the world is stationary and the sun goes round it. He can hardly fail to be, if not a great preacher, a good one, who presents the religious ideas of his time simply and earnestly, seeking only to plant the seeds of truth.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Your late review of my article entitled *A Modern Lettre de Cachet*, which for all practical purposes admits the general correctness of the argument, does not fairly represent me in certain very essential particulars. The most important of these misrepresentations is contained in the first paragraph of your remarks, in which you say that "the tendency of the article is to import a sensation which, on very good grounds, has had its day in England, but for whose justification, from considerations easily detailed"—but which you have not detailed or hinted at—"the circumstances can scarcely exist in this country."

If that is true—if the article was simply intended to "import a sensation," then it was unworthy of the conscientious labor I gave it, of the honorable place it occupied in *The Atlantic Monthly*, and of your extended criticism. But I most seriously and earnestly deny that in writing the article I had any desire to "import a sensation" or to misrepresent, color, or distort the real facts of the subject in any particular, and as earnestly I deny that I have in any single instance done so. For each and every statement made by me in the article in question, I relied upon the one or the other of the following authorities, viz.: The physician's certificate; the annual reports of Dr. Kirkbride; the records of the courts; the report of the Pennsylvania State Medical Association; the report of the commission appointed by the governor of Pennsylvania; eminent legal and medical writers. In every citation I made I carefully verified my manuscript by the originals, altering not so much as a word or a letter.

Touching the assertion that "the circumstances can scarcely exist in this country," the article itself cites cases from the records of the courts proving that they do exist; and the Iowa case referred to by yourself shows that they do exist; and where I conceive that you have again not fairly represented me is that from the manner in which you have stated it, the reader of your critique is led to infer that in support of my position I relied chiefly, if not entirely, upon the case of *Morgan Hinchman*, whose imprisonment occurred twenty years ago. To the other cases mentioned by me, which occurred but a few months since, and one of which was quite as aggravating as that of Hinchman, you make no reference, nor do you allude to my statements that the law books are full of such cases, that a single Philadelphia lawyer had six of them upon his docket in the last year, that these causes constantly engage the attention of the Common Pleas, and that I cited those particular cases not because they were rare ones, but that they more than others showed the peculiar iniquities of the law, and because they emanated from two of the most respectable asylums in the country.

In the case of *Morgan Hinchman*, I produced no evidence *pro* or *con*. in regard to his alleged insanity, but for my statements I relied upon no mere newspaper reports of the trial, as you lead your readers to infer. I took the records of the court for my authority, and they prove the following facts regarding the evidence produced by you:

First—That *Morgan Hinchman*, having a hog of a valuable breed which was sick, did have it taken into the kitchen for a single night to protect it from the cold, and several farmers testified that they had done the same thing with their stock and would do it again under like circumstances.

Second—A woman did swear that *Morgan* took a nude bath in the kitchen, that she came into the room and saw him do it and then retreated. But this witness being a *confirmed lunatic* her evidence was not considered.

Third—He did beguile some timid Quaker ladies into his carriage, to which was attached a spirited colt, and did drive them about at a greater speed than they liked. But he frequently drove the same colt, and no one was ever injured thereby.

Fourth—The president of the bank of which *Hinchman* was the cashier testified that *Morgan* was not a defaulter

in one penny—that his accounts were found entirely correct.

Fifth—The records of the court show that at the time that *Hinchman* had the liberty of the grounds and his parole was when he was suffering from a severe wound inflicted by a patient, that his captors were fooling him with the belief that they were about to make it all pleasant for his return home, and that he broke his parole—was recaptured, and thereafter remained a close prisoner—was denied all communication with the outside world, either by person or letter, "because," said the superintendent, "such was the wish of his friends."

As to the pamphlet cited by you as against the records, it is now in my possession, and I find that it was made up of "mutilated and suppressed evidence," and was published by the parties convicted of the conspiracy against *Hinchman*, and is, therefore, entitled to the same consideration as would be attached to a convict's protestations of not guilty, and no more.

Against it I place the verdict of one of the most intelligent juries ever seen in the court in which it was tried, who assessed the authors of your pamphlet ten thousand dollars damages, and the additional fact that for many years *Morgan Hinchman* has pursued with honor and profit the profession of a conveyancer—a business requiring a high order of mind and legal skill.

At the time I was engaged in preparing the article I had numerous cases presented to my attention, all of which I declined to use, for the reason that a single case showing the capacity of the law for evil was as good as a thousand. The law that deprives one man of his personal liberty—upon the simple signature of another—which renders it possible by judicial sanction thus to rob him of his reputation and estate, is a bad law, and should be repealed. In the case of *Hinchman*, in the case of the old bachelor Mr. Moore, in the case of the lady which I cited at length, I showed that the present law did so operate, and only incidentally, to show the additional wrong that a man might be made to suffer, did I speak of the asylums or their treatment of their patients at all. I had no wish to bring them into dispute or to excite prejudice against them, though I could not help expressing surprise, seeing with what inveterate energy they fought to keep the custody of their prisoners, or my indignation upon hearing the character of the evidence they relied upon to prove a man a lunatic, or at the readiness with which the court received such evidence. It was and is my belief, that to right any great wrong in intelligent, fair-dealing America, it was only necessary to plainly show that it existed, and this law, involving so much wrong, having no limits to its capability for evil, was so entirely at variance with the spirit of all that characterizes our institutions, that I am surprised to find it can have one intelligent apologist.

Where you are entirely unsupported by facts, is in that portion of your review in which you state that in all the regular institutions "publicity is thorough, visited as they are daily, in most instances, by as many people as choose to present themselves." In all the "regular institutions," visitors who go to them simply to gratify curiosity are entirely excluded from the sight of a large majority of the patients; the necessity of which arrangement must be apparent to every one, for no institution would be tolerated that would subject its patients to the ordeal of so perverted a curiosity.

It is not "to the interest of those having the insane in charge to lessen their numbers," for the reason that every patient admitted adds so much to the income of the establishment. The terms at the Frankford Asylum are from "nine to thirty dollars" per week, and not less than thirteen weeks' board will be received. This would be about the general average of boarding at a first-class hotel, the proprietors of which, with tenfold the expenses of the asylum, soon amass fortunes.

As regards a safeguard against false imprisonment "lying in the perception and integrity of the physician in charge," that is simply taking the right of disposing of a man's liberty, reputation, and estate out of the hands of the physician who issues the certificate to place it in the hands of another physician who is paid for his prisoner's restraint. If such is the only safeguard allowed the American citizen, he holds his life, liberty, and property upon the frailest tenure of the citizen of any country that the sun shines on. But let us have a practical example of the operation of this safeguard, taking a model physician from the model asylum:

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, City and County of Philadelphia.—In the matter of *Ebenezer Haskell*.

Dr. S. Preston Jones, sworn.—"Am a resident physician at Pennsylvania Hospital for Insane. E. Haskell is an inmate. He holds to what I clearly believe to be a delusion. It is a belief that there is a conspiracy against him to shut him up."

Let us examine as to the manner in which this citizen came into the hands of Dr. Jones:

John Birkey, cross-examined.—"I practice dentistry; never received diploma. I signed the certificate."

Dr. S. W. Butler, sworn.—"Am in charge of insane department at almshouse. Haskell was removed to insane asylum upon my certificate. My opinion was formed from the certificate that sent him to almshouse and from appearance there. He was under my charge for a day or two. I relied mainly upon the certificate that sent him there."

But Mr. Haskell escaped and another certificate was wanted, and was, of course, at once supplied:

Dr. C. S. Baker, sworn.—"I signed the certificate. I did not examine Mr. Haskell. Have had no conversation with him whatever since his return from the West. That is, for several years."

The "perception of the physician having him in charge" discovered he labored under a delusion. Dr. Kirkbride has a delusion that I have a personal feeling of antagonism against his asylum, and you have a delusion that the present law, making gentlemen like Mr. Birkey, dentist, and Drs. Butler and Jacobs the arbiters of our liberty, is not such a bad one. Very good; I disagree with both you and the good and wise doctor, but I shall not lock either of you up by the aid of a physician's certificate. Dr. Butler, it will be seen, relied upon the certificate of a person who had gained his knowledge of insanity by pulling teeth. It is not known upon what Dr. Jacobs relied, but probably inspiration or a fee. Dr. Jones relied upon Dr. Butler, and Mr. Haskell lay in the asylum for nearly a year on the strength of his reliance. But having escaped, he is, this day on which I write, attempting, with every appearance of success, to show before the Court of Common Pleas that his delusion was no delusion at all, but a very ugly conspiracy. He is so very pertinacious in his delusion as to insist that a jury shall give him exemplary damages against Dr. Jones and some others, and I am of the opinion that the jury will do it.

Having carefully examined into the laws and regulations governing these institutions for the insane, I affirm that my account of them in *The Atlantic's* article is without coloring or prejudice, and that they are in all essential particulars exactly as I have represented them to be; that the abuses of the law exist to a greater extent in public asylums than in private ones, as the results of the investigations in Illinois and Pennsylvania show; that they are not thrown open altogether to either casual visitors or friends of the patients; that only certain wards and patients are so exhibited; that other wards and patients are seen by no one except the managers or officers of said institutions; that strait-jackets, handcuffs, and the shower-bath are still employed by them; and that, although nearly a month has elapsed since the publication of my article, no one of the officers or managers of these establishments has attempted a public denial of my statements. I further urge in behalf of their correctness, that I have received from some of the most distinguished medical men and lawyers in the country commendation of the article and endorsements of its fidelity to truth, and further, that the following citation from a late opinion of the Hon. F. Carroll Brewster, of the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas, goes to the extreme length of my argument and maintains it:

Commonwealth ex rel., Richard N. Nyce, vs. Thomas S. Kirkbride, M.D.

"A man is sent to an insane asylum by his relatives and family physician. He is there for many months. They institute no proceeding in lunacy, but deprive him of liberty and property without any direct sanction of law. Even correspondence itself is under surveillance. At last he is able to sue out a writ of *habeas corpus*, and comes before a judge who cannot be expected to be an expert on such a question, and who, looking at the evidence, concludes that the man is insane, and remands him. It is then *res judicata*, and it might be that no other judge would review the decision. Thus, without a finding of lunacy, without the right of *traverse* to a jury, and appeal to the Supreme Court to correct errors in the proceeding, a man may be detained for life. It is surely no answer to all this to say that he is no longer put in a dungeon, or chained, or waisted, and tortured as of old, but that on the contrary he is cared for in an institution which is without its parallel for skill and humanity in the treatment of these disorders. Imprisonment is none the less a wrong because the place of confinement is a palace.

"Nor is it an answer that the patient has had his hearing on his *habeas corpus*. No person's liberty or property ought to be in the power of a single judge. In all cases, save these, there has always been a jury between the man and the prison. Suppose the judge should err in his conclusion. Dr. Spurzheim was willing to trust the solution of such questions to the medical experts. He says:

"As sometimes the most experienced and most able men are at a loss, and find it impossible to decide whether there is insanity or not, it must be obvious that not every one who knows how to compose some prescriptions ought to be trusted with the privilege to dispose of the liberty of his fellow-citizens."—Dr. Spurzheim on Insanity, p. 77."

In conclusion, I beg to say that in writing the article entitled *A Modern Lettre de Cachet* I was actuated with but the single motive of bringing about a reform of what I conceived to be a bad law; and, while disclaiming all feelings inimical to any asylum in the country, it is my intention to agitate this subject until, if it be possible, we for ever obliterate this pregnant source of wrong from the statute-books of my own state. I invite the fullest criticism upon my sincere work, for by free and unprejudiced discussion the right and truth will be established.

Very respectfully yours,

L. CLARKE DAVIS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 4, 1868.

[The same consideration which led to that omission of detail of which Dr. Davis complains—namely, the value of our space, of which Dr. Davis cannot be unaware—prevents our adding much more on a subject which properly belongs to journals of a different class from *The Round Table*. Merely observing that his procedure is unwarrantable where he represents us (1) as imputing to his article an *intention*, instead of a *tendency*, to "import a sensation," and (2) as holding that the law "is not such a bad one," whereas we said that it needed revision, and that steps have been taken to ensure it—we must be content to enforce the point on which we are most seriously at issue. Dr. Davis desires that each case of insanity shall be established before a jury. We object to this partly because of the utter incompetence of ninety-nine juries in a hundred to judge of the matter, but chiefly on account of the consequences of such

publicity. It is not merely that the fondness of the American press for gloating over those scandals and prurient details which often constitute the evidences of insanity would occasion an exposure of matters that are best kept quiet, to the annoyance of patients' relatives, and their own permanent disadvantage; but more especially that the natural reluctance to undergo such an ordeal would induce families to postpone as long as possible the placing of any of their members under suitable care, so that often the disease would become permanent which might yield to prompt treatment. It is only of late and by slow degrees that the importance of immediate care of insanity has made its way into the popular mind; even now more injury arises from reluctance to send the afflicted to asylums than from sending persons there on inadequate grounds; so that anything which tends to engender a wholesale distrust and prejudice concerning them is, we think, the reverse of kindness to the public. Of course we desire to see the possibility of false imprisonment obviated by any possible precaution which shall not entail worse evils than it is designed to correct; so, we venture to say, do all the physicians who will meet at Boston this summer to deliberate upon a law to be submitted to the several legislatures. We should favor the imposition of extremely rigorous penalties in the case of any such abuses as Dr. Davis alleges, or any other means of prevention that shall not involve an injurious publicity and delay in the cases of a thousand suitable patients for the possible protection of the thousand-and-first. But the nature of the precautionary measures should be determined by somebody having a larger knowledge of the necessities and difficulties of the case than the present reformer, who, with doubtless the best motives in the world, evinces that degree of knowledge which would be fruitful of mischief. Thus, when he corrects us concerning the publicity of the institutions, he is right in saying that persons impelled merely by vulgar curiosity are not admitted to the sight of excitable patients, but is wrong in supposing that intelligent investigators, or those who have a claim of any sort to make examination, would be excluded from respectable institutions; and he makes no account of the constant communication with the outside world through the persons who leave them every week, restored to health and with no possible motive for concealing any irregularities. He is grossly wrong again in his statement, reiterated in contradiction of our counter-assertion, that it is to the benefit of the officers to increase the number of their patients; because, excepting the "private asylums"—which in the whole country number little if anything more than a dozen, and of which we know nothing and have not spoken—the salaries of the officers have no possible connection with the income of the institutions; and from the crowded state of the buildings, especially since the war, there has generally been a constant struggle between the superintendents of the asylums and the friends of patients or the county authorities by whom they are sent,—the former endeavoring to procure the removal of convalescents to make room for more pressing cases, the latter to prevent their being returned on their hands. Where, as is sometimes the case, it is required that patients shall have suites of rooms, or private servants, or horses and carriages, their board is of course larger, but in the case of the vast majority of insane persons it not only yields no profit, but there is an annual deficit to be made up by legislative appropriation or by permanent laws. What to say of such statements as those about the use of the shower-bath and the strait-jacket we scarcely know. The former, if Dr. Davis means that it is employed as a means of coercion or punishment, is as distinctly a brutality as the strappado or the rack, is in quite as ill odor, and as little characteristic of American insane asylums. The strait-jacket, though it has a bad name, is, as now made, the most merciful thing possible, since, without keeping the wearer in any constrained position, it allows him a liberty—except for his hands, often not excepting his arms, a perfect liberty—of which he must otherwise be deprived, out of regard to his own and others' safety. For the handcuffs, we can imagine many instances where the same might be said, but in fact their disuse is almost total. For the Hinchman case, which we singled out on the *ex uno disce omnes* principle, for the very good reason that we knew nothing of the others, we think we could readily show that the pamphlet, being largely made of evidence under oath, is entitled to more weight than Dr. Davis is disposed to allow it, and that it proves more than all we originally claimed for it. But it is not worth while, because we are quite willing to concede the possibility—but not the alleged prevalence—of such abuses as are set forth, and that it is desirable to have even the possibility removed. Our objection is, not to Dr. Davis's object, but to what seems to us the injudicious and sometimes reprehensible means by which he would effect it. Fortunately, reform had been determined upon by those most concerned in the matter before the commencement of the agitation whose continuance Dr. Davis announces; and it is likely to receive its shape by those who will deal with it with less fervor and more judgement than generally characterize the apostles of wholesale crusades.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

SPIRITUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Inferring, from the fact of the appearance in your columns of articles, editorial and other, relating to the subject designated in my heading, that the subject is not an entirely forbidden one with you, I venture to address you a letter touching upon the same.

Among the persons who have witnessed many of the wonderful manifestations which forced me finally to a belief in the spiritual theory, I will mention the author, Adolphus Trollope, altogether superior to his brother Anthony—a sceptic, clear-headed, clear-sighted, absolutely veracious, and in the highest degree intelligent; a M. Kirico, whose family and self have been long attached to the Russian Embassy at Constantinople; a Madame Dumala, the cultivated wife of the richest merchant in the place where I was at the time; M. De Hahn, Austrian Consul, and author of a work on Albania; a Madame Kouschinkoff and her husband, she of Spanish extraction, born Marquise De Castro, a great *artiste*, a great *savante*, etc.; and Khalil Bey, one of the most distinguished men in Turkey, and late, or still, Turkish Ambassador at St. Petersburg. I am not going to speak in detail of those manifestations; and my object in referring to them at all has been to open the way for offering the individuals named as my vouchers.

Not long after my conversion, I married. My husband was highly scientific—a total disbeliever, of course, in spiritualism. I was no medium—could give him no evidence, nor by any means persuade him that what I had witnessed was not imaginary. I am still at a loss to conceive how the minds of scientific men are constituted. So long as the veracity or the sagacity of a witness can be questioned, doubt on second-hand testimony is conceivable; but here was a case where both were out of the question. My truth and absolute conviction he knew; and of my intelligence he had the highest opinion. Neither were the facts of a nature in the least within the compass of imagination. Yet all was vain. I might talk to him for ever on this point. His eyes and ears were closed. It was our only disagreement. I took the most supreme interest in the subject, and could not get him to assist me in pursuing it. (I believe my supreme appreciation of the great revelation to have been one of the causes why so much illumination has been vouchsafed to me. The night when full conviction descended on my soul, I shall never forget my feelings. Had all the earth contains dropped into my lap, it would not have brought such intense rapture. I beheld the heavens opening before me, and immortality awaiting me. Nothing that I ever experienced equalled my emotions that night, except on that other no less memorable one when I first communicated with my husband from beyond the grave; but I must come to this.)

My husband left me in perfect health, a man of forty-five, who looked like thirty, six feet high, had never been ill, and, I must here add, the most noble being and the most perfect specimen of an English gentleman, with all England's virtues and none of her blemishes. I did not even know that he was ill, till the news arrived that he was dead. Such black despair never fell on human heart. I would far rather have been dead with him than alive without him. I thought it was all over with me in this world, and decided on going to join some friends of his and mine in the Canary Islands, there to wait for death in obscurity and quiet. I had only one hope, a faint one, still a hope—that of communicating with him. I had told him, if he died before me, to remember that I should call him, and to come. I knew he would remember; but I was no medium, and too miserable and, I deemed, too ill-fated to become one. Nevertheless, I was resolved not to be wanting to him or myself. For three years, in deference to his wishes, I had not spoken on spiritualism to any one. A few days previously, I had been suddenly impelled to tell my story in detail to two gentlemen, an enlightened English clergyman and a Maltese professor. That same night, when the fatal news arrived, I wrote to them to come and help me. Next evening they came. Another gentleman, a Maltese nobleman, a medium, was inspired to ask to join us—no doubt to assist. He was an old man, and grave; and I let him come.

For four nights, we sat two hours at a time, with no results. The fifth night I perceived a slight motion. The sixth, the little table, under our fingers, moved all round the large one, and this began perceptibly to oscillate. I was certain that spirits were present; but was my husband among them? and how should I communicate with him without calling in strangers—a miserable condition at best? That night, as we were watching the table, one of the company called out, Do you hear? We listened. On a table, at the other end of the room, stood a bronze *étagère*. It was distinctly ticking in the bronze—a clear, metallic sound, at the regular intervals of a minute. We all reckoned up to the letter S. One of the gentlemen expressed a wish, when the ticking was suspended. Immediately it commenced again on another bronze on another table; and subsequently it recommenced on the china of the tea-things—now sounding like a nail on porcelain. I was completely satisfied that it was my husband; for, with his practical lucidity and mechanical ingenuity (characteristics of his mind), he had resorted to an evidence wholly unquestionable, since no one was touching the ticking articles or was near them. I was left alone. It was past ten o'clock. I lay upon the sofa, with a drawing-board on my knees, and a sheet of paper on that, with a pencil through a smaller

board, hoping it would write or move. In about half an hour two *very loud* scratches sounded under the larger board. The room was very still, all shut up, no living thing in it but myself. There could be no question of the fact, though I could hardly believe my ears. I exclaimed, My God! is that you? If so, scratch twice again. Immediately two more loud scratches replied; then six or seven more, and all was still. I went to bed; heard ticking all round the room; then a loud shuffling of feet on the floor, as I had heard before in Constantinople.

Next morning I was in my study writing letters, expecting nothing till night, when the ticking commenced on a porcelain jar. (By the way, I must observe, for sceptics, that the ticking, which has constantly been repeated since, and which was heard by all my servants, is quite distinct from that of a watch, which is *vibrating* and incessant, whereas this has no tinkling, vibrating sound, and is always slow and interrupted by intervals of a minute; moreover, it varies in sound with different spirits; used sometimes to be so loud that I could hear it three rooms off, sometimes so faint as to require the ear quite close to distinguish it; also it would grow louder and louder, as if gathering strength, when commencing, and would diminish and fade away, when about to cease). I went to my board. Immediately the scratching was heard underneath. Then the curtain overhead was violently jerked. I looked up and saw the string vibrating violently with a *spiral* motion, such as could only have been given to it by an energetic twitch between a finger and thumb. Then the board and pencil began to move rapidly; and I felt it impelled, as if by electric shocks, under my hand. I implored him to write intelligibly, and presently I saw the pencil endeavoring to trace letters. At the third attempt, he wrote distinctly "love." Seeing the difficulty he had in forming letters, I then made a telegraph of straight lines. To this he replied immediately. I thus asked if I should take the pencil in my hand. He replied affirmatively, and that I should write in half an hour. Two minutes before its expiration, I felt my hand beginning to move, *of itself*, and to form great school-boy letters an inch long. By degrees, and rapidly, these grew smaller. Then I wrote a round hand, and in a few days a running hand (not mine) which goes with great velocity. The first communications were domestic, and altogether dissimilar from anything I should have thought of. Three or four days after, he announced to me that I was not to go to Palma, but, he thought, to America, which was as far removed from my projects as Kamschatka; because, he said, I was not destined to bury myself, but to pursue a great and brilliant career, and to become a great writer and a great instrument in the spiritual cause, for which, he said, God had long ago ordered and prepared me (you see, Mr. Editor, that, for the sake of relating the facts just as they came, I am laying myself open to be charged with egotism). Nothing could have been further from my thoughts. Ambition was dead within me. I was indifferent to all earthly things, except peace, quiet, comfort, and spiritual light.

Only a few words more. I am much struck with the singularly accurate parallel presented by the progress of spiritualism to that of Christianity. Precisely in the same way is it filtering imperceptibly through all lands and all classes, *unfashionable*, ignored by the orthodox, the rich and the powerful, rising from *below*, spreading right and left with marvellous vitality and velocity through those humbler working and money-making classes of artisans and traders whom one would deem the least accessible to spiritual aspirations and influences, and filtering *up* meanwhile among hundreds and thousands who are secretly converted, and are ashamed or afraid to avow their belief in what Mrs. Grundy poohpoohs, and what the clergy reprobate. So it was with Christianity up to the time of Constantine, when hundreds and thousands amidst the high and influential were found to be Christians whom no one had ever suspected; and so it will be, for no doubt the parallel will be carried out to the end, except that, as all things advance in keeping with their epoch, most likely the progress will be in a geometrical ratio.

I must say that I am altogether revolted at the pantheism which seems to reign in America, and amounts to nothing else than atheism, disguise it as you will. I know no instance more striking of the aberration of which the human intellect is susceptible than the arrival, through the grandest evidence of Providence ever afforded to humanity, at the negation of the supreme being. Such is not the doctrine the spirits teach *me*. Nothing can be more sublime than their descriptions of God, the origin and fountain of all things; whose perfection all spirits are forever approaching, through interminable phases of progressive existence, but never attaining it. I am told that everything spiritual is infinite; that matter is infinitely expandable or *etherizable*, and infinitely divisible; that there are no *ultimate atoms*; that every world passes through the same phases, and, having attained to the *ne plus ultra* of physical perfection, is then sublimated by fire for the *habitat* of spiritual beings.

Very respectfully, H. B. W.

May 1, 1868.

"PROMETHEUS" AND HIS BACKERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The war of the astronomicals is getting lively. Three down upon one, and all three at once, and two of the three fighting behind an *anonym*, and one of the two behind an

alias, shows that, whether "on the 'you-preach-and-I'll-keep 'em-awake' principle" or not, *somebody* has been "waked up;" whether it is "the wrong passenger," we shall see.

In his first numbered paragraph, "Prometheus" charges me with affirming "that there is *no* acceleration of the moon's geocentric motion between quadrature and opposition." I affirmed nothing of the kind. I expressly limited my affirmation to "the acceleration *here referred to*, namely, the *excess* of the 'mean velocity' of the moon in that part of her orbit outside of the earth's orbit over her *mean* velocity in that part of her orbit inside of the earth's orbit (the reference being, of course, to her heliocentric motion; for of her geocentric motion the statement is not true)" —the statement, namely, that "in that part of her orbit which lies outside of the earth's orbit the moon's mean velocity is four thousand six hundred miles per hour greater than when she is within the earth's orbit; and, *if this were not so, she could not go around the earth in going around the sun*;" and it was *this* acceleration of the moon's motion, and *no other*, which "Prometheus" affirmed and I denied—and made good the denial—to be in antagonism to Newton's theory.

In his second numbered paragraph, "Prometheus" maintains that to show the gravity of the moon to the earth at opposition to be *less* than at quadrature is not to the purpose, because, if his argument is good at all, it proves that the moon's gravity to the earth is *greater* at opposition than at quadrature; forgetting that the very question at issue is whether his argument is "good at all."

In paragraph number three, "Prometheus" represents me as maintaining for a "fact that the moon pulls the water of the ocean up an inclined plane." What I said was that "every drop of water" is drawn up a *virtual* inclined plane of three feet high and ten million feet long. Webster defines *VIRTUAL*, "being in essence or effect, not in fact." See, also, the long explanation appended to the definition in the latest edition. By leaving out the little word "virtual," and putting in the little word "fact," "Prometheus" makes me maintain that every drop actually *travels* the ten million feet! I should as soon think of maintaining that every blade of grass *waving* in the breeze travelled the whole width of the field. What I meant to say—what I did, *virtually*, say—was that the *purchase* of the moon upon every drop, as compared with that of the sun, was *as though* the drop were drawn up an inclined plane of ten million feet long and three feet high, at an advantage to the moon, in respect to the angle of traction, of four hundred to one, while the power of the sun upon the drop, over that of the moon, at a dead lift, was less than two hundred to one. Perhaps my meaning would have been more *readily* intelligible if I had said "is *virtually* drawn up an inclined plane," instead of "is drawn up a *virtual* inclined plane." In view of the foregoing, I submit that the whole of paragraph number three falls to the ground, and along with it the corresponding paragraph of "H. B. W."

I come now to paragraph number four, which has reference to projectiles discharged horizontally. "What absurdity!" says "Prometheus," referring to the statement in my letter, "Right-angled triangles and hypotheses and bases have nothing whatever to do with the case, and untold error has arisen from supposing that they have." To which I reply, What egregious blundering! Right-angled triangles and hypotheses and bases have everything to do with the case, and *told* error has arisen from supposing that they have not. "Prometheus" goes on: "Gravity acts at all times in the direction of the centre, while you say—though I deny that any force can ever change its direction—that the projectile force changes its direction every moment." Notwithstanding this cool allegation, "Prometheus" knows that I make no such absurd assertion; that, on the contrary, I maintain, in common with every Newtonian, that it is gravity that changes the direction of the projectile force.

I proceed to paragraph number five. "Here," says "Prometheus," "I must confess that Mr. Stearns has well-nigh astounded me. He has simply introduced one of my own most trusted arguments against Newton's theory, but which I have been holding in reserve till such time as I could present it in connection with a diagram—viz.: that from aphelion to perihelion Newton gives us, in point of fact, no centrifugal force at all, inasmuch as the tangential tendency is then in reality a centripetal force." "Prometheus's" astoundment evidently proceeds from his supposing that two forces can be antagonistic only when they act at an obtuse angle; whether that is so we shall see before we get through. To proceed: "Mr. Stearns's great master, intent as it would seem on the tangent to a circle, took for his centrifugal force the tendency of a tangential force to carry the body away from the centre, if unopposed. Even in the case of a circle this theory of centrifugal force involves the great Newton in the absurdity of taking the versed sine of an arc as equal to the segment of the secant intercepted between the tangent and the curve, when we know that such equality not only does not exist, but is utterly impossible even in tissues"—what may that mean in this connection?—"or arcs indefinitely small." From this it is evident either that "Prometheus," notwithstanding his "single independent variable," is ignorant of the doctrine of limits, or that he rejects it. If the latter, how does he prove that the area of a circle is equal to the product of the circumference by half the radius? Or does he deny that also? If he does not, if he admits the demonstration of it given in the ordinary elementary *Geometries*—in Book V.,

for instance, propositions ten and fourteen, of Davies's Legendre, revised edition, 1867—then he is involved in the same "absurdity" as Newton, and to the same extent. Even Berkeley, if my memory serves me—and here let me say, once for all, as a reason for referring so often to my memory, that I am away from books, my own—the gathering of thirty years—having been destroyed by fire some four years ago, and that my "facilities" are therefore, probably, even more "extremely limited" than those of "Prometheus;"—even Berkeley, if my memory serves me, did not reject the doctrine of limits, but only the dropping out of certain infinitesimal quantities in the processes of the later calculus; and even in these instances of dropping out he admitted that the results came out right, owing to the balancing of errors. But to proceed with "Prometheus." "In each instant gravity pulls the body away from the tangent before the tangential tendency can cease to be a centripetal force and become a centrifugal force. Many will deny this; Mr. Stearns especially will never see that it is so; but with a diagram it can be proved easily enough." Now, who that had not read my letter would imagine that what "Prometheus" here says I shall never see I have myself asserted, making *expressly* the cessation of the action of gravity a *conditio sine qua non* of the tangential force's passing from a centripetal to a centrifugal? "It follows that from aphelion to perihelion there is no force to oppose gravity." Does it, indeed? Let us see. For want of a diagram for the bodily eye, let us try to construct one for the mental. Let the page of *The Round Table* now outspread before the reader represent a horizontal plane. Let a block be placed at the upper left-hand corner; let "Prometheus" be stationed at the lower left-hand corner, and "Gravitas" at the lower right-hand corner; let a cord be fastened, near the middle of it, to the block, and let one end of the cord be placed in the hands of "Prometheus," and the other in those of "Gravitas;" the diagonal cord will represent the direction of the centripetal force and the other that of the tangential. Now let "Gravitas" and "Prometheus" begin to haul in their respective cords, "Gravitas" hauling enough faster to make up for the excess in length of his cord; and let "Prometheus" at the same time walk toward "Gravitas," at such a pace that by the time he has gone half the distance the two cords shall have come in range with each other, forming a single straight line, with "Gravitas" at one end and "Prometheus" at the other. Where will the block be? Not in the hands of "Gravitas," or in his "frying"-pan; but exactly halfway between him and "Prometheus." That is to say, the tangential force, while pulling the block *toward* the centre, has actually *prevented* the gravitating force from pulling it *to* the centre. "Yet," says "Prometheus," "it follows that from aphelion to perihelion there is no force to oppose gravity!" I would suggest to him, *now*, the propriety of unsaying it, and of admitting that if Newton *did* make mistakes, he did not make *quite* so silly a mistake as he has here sought to fasten upon him. To proceed with our citations: "I showed in my last letter that gravity never does and never can increase the *tangential tendency* even when this is a centripetal force. I cannot hope that Mr. Stearns understood one syllable of that demonstration." Indeed I did not, for the simple reason that *that* demonstration isn't there. When "Prometheus" will give us a real parallelogram of forces—which C D E F is not, and C D E H is not, and cannot be without upsetting his demonstration; when he will erase the lines G F, H F, and H C, which represent Newton in the ridiculous position of resolving the force C F into two others, C G and C H, one of which carries the planet forward the distance C G and the other pulls it back the equal distance F H, and yet stoutly maintaining, all the while, that it isn't pulled back at all; and when he will draw D E parallel to C F, instead of converging toward it in the direction of the point S, and make C E a straight line instead of a curve, and suppose the distance C E less than any assignable distance, and C E prolonged into a tangent falling inside the tangent C D and at a distance from it less than any assignable distance,—he will have the genuine Newtonian parallelogram of forces as applied to curvilinear motion, instead of the bastard one he has soignantly or so disingenuously—whichever horn he prefers—sought to father upon the great expounder of the modern astronomy. To proceed with "Prometheus": "The quantity of motion which gravity and the projectile force impart to a body in one instant when they act at an acute angle is no greater than that which they impart to it in the same time when they act at right angles; but in the former case the orbital velocity—not the tangential tendency—is increased simply because the projectile force has been complying enough to act in the same direction with gravity, whose direction is fixed and inflexible, and therefore the effect of gravity is to be added to the effect of the projectile force. But gravity has nothing whatever to do with the *tangential tendency*, and when the forces cease to act together this is neither greater nor less than it was before. I beg leave to assure Mr. Stearns, in the politest manner possible, that if he cannot understand this, his inability to do so concerns himself much more nearly than it does me. I may pity him, but I don't see what else I can do for him." Mr. Stearns is in good company, having the rest of mankind on his side, excepting "Prometheus's" "more than one profound and able scholar," but *not* excepting the editor of *The Round Table*, who says expressly that the variation of the centrifugal force "comes in consequence of a variation of orbital velocity." But they are all wrong, nevertheless; and "Prometheus"

begs leave to assure them, in the politest manner possible, that if they cannot understand this, their inability to do so concerns themselves much more nearly than it does him. He may pity them, but he doesn't see what else he can do for them. Neither do I. Indeed, I don't believe he can do anything else.

" 'Tis true 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true! "

But again: "Gravity and the projectile force do not combine in each instant to produce a new projectile force, but each accomplishes, and continues to accomplish, its effect in its own original direction," which direction is, in the case of gravity, "fixed and inflexible;" to wit, "the direction of the centre." "When they act at an acute angle, their effects in respect to the orbital motion are additive; when they act at an obtuse angle, gravity," etc. Now, I should like to know, in the first place, how each can "accomplish, and continue to accomplish, its effect in its own original direction," and yet the two act sometimes at an acute, sometimes at an obtuse, angle? And, in the second place, I should like to know how one "original direction," "fixed and inflexible," can be "at all times," from whatever quarter, "the direction of the centre"? If "Prometheus" were in New York, and "one profound and able scholar," attracted by so brilliant a luminary, were to set out on a pilgrimage to it from Brooklyn, the other—for there are "more than one" of them—from Jersey City, would they go in the same direction? On the contrary, would not the two directions be nearly opposite each other? "Prometheus" must have very confused notions of direction to use the word so loosely. As he seems not to know, I may as well inform him, that the earth, in the course of its annual revolution, gravitates to the sun in *all* directions in the plane of its orbit, and not in one "original direction," "fixed and inflexible." Once more: "As gravity acts at infinite distances, an infinite projectile force would be required to counterbalance for ever the attraction of a single particle of matter, since the constant subtraction of even infinitesimal parts would ultimately overcome and neutralize any finite force, however great." That would depend on the angle of the line of projection with the line of attraction. A circle is the symbol of infinity, and if the body were projected with the proper (finite) force, and at the proper angle, it would revolve in a circle *for ever*, the whole force of gravity being expended in deflecting it from the tangent. If the body were so projected as to revolve in an ellipse, both the gravitating and the projectile forces would oscillate within fixed limits, the result being, so far as *continuance* of motion is concerned, precisely the same as in the case of a body revolving in a circular orbit. "Prometheus" will, of course, deny this, but it is one thing to deny, and quite another to disprove.

We come now to paragraph number six, which deals with "the Irishman's gun" and in dealing with it commits suicide. The proposition cited from the *Principia* has, says "Prometheus," "nothing whatever to do with the case," because, "even if each planet consisted of but a single particle, the sides of this would have to move with different velocities or it could not revolve around the sun." "Prometheus" has not the slightest suspicion that the Newtonian particle is a mathematical point, and therefore has no sides. Probably he is laboring under a similar hallucination in regard to the radius vector, utterly innocent, in his infantine simplicity, of any apprehension of it as a mathematical line, without breadth or thickness; for what is the Newtonian particle, or central point of gravitation, but the inner end of the radius vector? "Prometheus" himself says that "gravity acts at all times in the direction of the centre." Is that centre, in his apprehension of it, a particle having sides? If so, does gravity act in the direction of the centre of that particle? And is that centre, too, a particle having sides? And is "Prometheus's" idea of infinitesimals, after all, only that of the (not altogether unimaginative) poet:

"Great fleas
Have little fleas to bite 'em;
And these
Have other fleas,
And so ad infinitum!"

Really, it is too bad to father such stupidity upon Newton. Did "Prometheus" never hear of Boscovick's theory of matter as a congeries of mathematical centres of force? and is he so simple as to suppose that the atoms of the chemists are ultimate in any other sense than as being the last result of physical analysis? But if the force emanates from mathematical points as centres, in what, he may ask, does it inhere? I answer, in the Creator, ever present at every point, and ever acting. His beginning thus to act was the creation of the material universe; his ceasing thus to act would be, *ipso facto*, its annihilation. I am aware that there are those who think it unscientific to admit God into his universe even in the capacity of an Epicurean Deity. Happily, they are few and far between. The great master-builders of the fabric of human knowledge hold it unphilosophical as well as irreligious to shut him out. To pass to the next point of "Prometheus": "When water flies from a wheel or a millstone bursts nothing is proved but that force, acting from the centre outward and giving actual impulses from the centre, may overcome cohesion. But, pray, is there any actual impulse from the centre outward in the case of the planets, according to Newton's hypothesis?" That is exactly what there is, not only when the tangential force is centrifugal, but when it is centripetal, for even then it is, as I have just shown, antagonistic to

gravity; and if the "actual impulsion from the centre outward" were to become stronger, the force of gravity remaining the same, the solar system would burst up. Once more, "The very cases you quote against me make in favor of my system and against your own, if you were but capable of seeing it." How can I see it when he has not told me what his system is? Does he expect me to find it out, as he did, by intuition? I have more than half a mind to try. Can it be that "Prometheus" holds the planets to have been projected from the Irishman's gun? If so, then allow me to suggest an *experimentum crucis*, which will determine the truth or the falsity of the system, and at the same time give us both an opportunity to show our faith by our works. Let "Prometheus" procure a gun with the barrel bent laterally into the form of an arc of a circle, and having loaded it with powder and ball, fasten it breast high to the outside of a circular wall at five or six inches from the surface, and have a friend (enemy?) at hand to fire it off. I will agree to stand close to the outside of the wall at the point diametrically opposite the muzzle of the gun, if "Prometheus" will stand at an equal distance in the line of the tangent to the barrel at the muzzle. What say you, "Prometheus"? I pause, on this paragraph, for a reply.

In paragraph number seven "Prometheus" affirms that I am on his side, because I maintain that "gravity and the centrifugal force are equal at every point in the orbit." "But," says he, "will Mr. Stearns please to explain how a falling body can cease to fall and begin to rise unless a stronger force than gravity intervenes? And will he then explain how a body can cease to rise and begin to fall unless gravity becomes stronger than the repelling force?" "*Cum omni iucunditate in vita*," and I'll do it by help of the pendulum, though "Prometheus" cannot understand—at any rate, cannot admit that he understands—what I said about that instrument in my former letter. Perhaps he will not understand what I am going to say about it. But there are those that will understand it, and I write for them. Substantially the same questions as those above cited from "Prometheus" are asked in the editorial paragraph that follows the communication of "H. B. W." "At aphelion, the centrifugal force, resulting from slow motion, is so far overcome by gravity as to cause the planet to descend toward its perihelion. If that term *overcome* is not a proper one to use, what term, with precisely what definition, is proper? If it is, then where is the inaccuracy in saying that 'gravity is stronger than the centrifugal force' at aphelion? We fancy that it will be difficult for Mr. Stearns to answer our enquiries satisfactorily to himself even; hence, to show for just what reason he substitutes *tangential* for *centrifugal* force. But in case he does make clear the difference in the significations of the two terms, then it devolves upon him to tell through exactly what process he holds centrifugal force in balance with gravity. Does he manage, somehow, to generate different degrees of the former by bringing to bear his tangential force? If so, and if this is sometimes weaker and sometimes stronger than gravity, how does he govern its action so that its product, *centrifugal* force, shall be always equal with gravity?" (The centrifugal force is not the *product* of the tangential; on the contrary, the tangential is the centrifugal in one half of the orbit; in the other half there is *no* centrifugal, the tangential having become centripetal, but remaining antagonistic to gravity nevertheless, as I have shown in my remarks on paragraph number five, and always in exact balance with it, neither stronger nor weaker.) "Answers to these questions involve an answer to the question implied by what is given as 'the last objection of "Prometheus,"' namely, the question how centrifugal force can be kept in poise with gravity, while the latter increases in proportion to the *square* of the decrease in distance, and while the tangential force which causes the former increases according to *simple* decrease in distance. Let us have a clear elucidation in rejoinder, if we may."

I will endeavor to make the elucidation as clear as possible, and in order to it I will attend to the last sentence, and with it to paragraph number eight of "Prometheus," before proceeding to the pendulum illustration. The mistake of both is in leaving out the element of *time* in computing the effective force of gravity. It is as if one were to define a horse-power as "a power that will raise thirty-three thousand pounds one foot," without adding "in one minute." Gravity causes a stone to fall sixteen feet and one inch in one second, four times that distance in two seconds, nine times in three seconds, and so on. That is to say, gravity in twice the time does four times the work, in three times the time nine times the work, and, therefore, in one-half the time only one-fourth the work, in one-third the time only one-ninth the work. Hence, if the velocity increases "according to *simple* decrease in distance," gravity, to be kept up to its work, *must* increase in proportion to the *square* of the decrease in distance." For instance, if a planet be *n* times as far from the sun at aphelion as at perihelion, its velocity will be *n* times as great at perihelion as at aphelion; hence it will move a given distance in $\frac{1}{n}$ the time, and gravity, therefore, will have only $\frac{1}{n}$ the time to deflect it a given distance in, and will have, consequently, to work *n*² times as hard to do it.

Having thus given what, I think, all must admit to be "a clear elucidation" of the relation of gravity to velocity, so far as their respective ratios of increase are concerned, I now proceed to "explain" first "how a falling body can cease to fall and begin to rise unless a stronger force than gravity intervenes;" and, secondly, "how a body can cease

to rise and begin to fall unless gravity becomes stronger than the repelling force."

Suppose a pendulum so arranged as to vibrate in an arc *a b c*, *b* designating the middle or lowest part of the arc, and *a* and *c* the extremities, equidistant from *b*. If the pendulum be drawn away from its place of rest, *b* to *a*, and then let go, it will descend toward *b*; when it reaches that point, it will "cease to fall and begin to rise." Has "a stronger force than gravity" intervened? The only antagonistic force is the length and rigidity of the pendulum rod, and these remain the same throughout the vibration. Have they become *relatively* stronger by gravity's becoming weaker? On the contrary, it is at this very point that gravity is strongest. Yet the pendulum begins to rise, and goes on rising (friction and the resistance of the air apart) till it arrives at *c*, when we see it "cease to rise and begin to fall," though gravity, instead of having become "stronger than the repelling force," is at its weakest. I have thus "explained" the "how" in the two problems, in one sense of the word "how." If "Prometheus" wants an explanation of it in the other sense, to wit, the *rationale*, I reply, the cause of the varying motion of the body in each particular point of its path is found in the *original* relation, in intensity and direction, of the two forces of which it is the resultant. Should "Prometheus" say that it is not gravity that moves the pendulum, I reply, it is a force, whatever name you give it, which acts more powerfully on the pendulum the nearer the pendulum is to the centre of the earth, provided the nearness is not gained by going beneath the surface.

I proceed to "Prometheus's" third question: "And then will he please to explain how $\frac{v^2}{r}$ (the expression for the centrifugal force) can always be equal to *g*, when $v \propto g$ and *r* is sometimes greater and sometimes less than unity?" Who said that it was always equal—*numerically* equal—for that is what his argument here requires? Not I. What "Prometheus" denied and I affirmed, was that *that part* of the force of gravity which was in *antagonism* with the tangential force was *exactly* balanced by it in every part of the orbit.

Fourth question of "Prometheus": "And, finally, will he please to explain how two quantities, one of which, according to the Newtonians, varies as the cube of the distance and the other as the square of the distance, can be equal at every point of an elliptical orbit?" I know of no two quantities that thus *vary*. According to Kepler's *Third Law*—and I can recall nothing else that can give even the shadow of a colorable pretext for the allegation—"The squares of the periodic times of any two planets are"—not *vary*—"to each other in the same proportion as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun." But what has this to do with the alleged *variation*? Does the square of the periodic time of a planet, or the cube of its mean distance—leaving out of the account perturbations, as having nothing to do with the allegation—*vary*? Besides, it is the *angular* velocities only that are in proportion to the periodic times, while it is the *linear*, orbital velocity that the tangential force is in proportion to, and the latter velocity is not in proportion to the former; for the linear velocity of Jupiter is nearly half that of the earth, and his angular velocity less than one-eleventh, and the linear velocity of Saturn about one-third, and his angular velocity about one-thirtieth.

I believe that nothing further, in the way of argument, in either of the three articles, remains to be noticed, except to add that no Newtonian "admits" any "waste" of force *from within*, and that where the editorial article says, "The trouble is that the mental eyes of the observers lose sight of the fact that the ball, in its passage, curves downward a good deal faster than the earth curves," I should say: The trouble, with the other side, is that the bodily eye, confined in its range within very narrow limits, has succeeded in imposing its restrictions on the mental vision.

But "Prometheus" does not confine himself to argument. He charges me with writing, and *The Round Table* with publishing, "low ribaldry," "brutal insult," "billingsgate." I am not careful to answer him in this matter. I am willing, as I have no doubt *The Round Table* is, to leave the decision of it to the "circle of scholars and gentlemen" to which we are, all three, amenable; merely remarking that I did not lug his spiritual theories into the discussion of his physical ones, he himself having *expressly* put them on a *par* in the opening paragraph of his first letter, in the following words: "If I were now to publish a demonstration of the true system of the physical universe, as I have already published an equally authoritative exposition of the true system of the spiritual universe, the world would probably flout and jeer the one as it has already flouted and jeered that other truth which far more concerned its welfare."

I am sorry "the world" is such a "ribald" world, "insulting," so given to "billingsgate." "Prometheus" may pity it, but I do not see what else he can do for it, unless it be to compare it, as he does me, to "a wingless and decrepit barn-yard fowl," offering "to protect the eagle from

* I made a mistake in regard to the osculating circle—a mistake which I detected as soon as I read it in print, but which I purposely postponed correcting, to see if "Prometheus" would detect it. So far from detecting it, he has himself fallen into one of the same kind. I said that the osculating circle described on the conjugate axis *must* be the unit. "Prometheus" will have it that some one of the circles—no matter which one—between that and the one that osculates the orbit at the apse *must* be the unit. It must for his argument, but not for Newton's. It must *not*, if we would avoid gratuitously complicating the calculation.

the dangers of the upper air!" Well done, "Prometheus"! After this, I am afraid to venture on a comparison of my own, but I'll give you one from an author famous, in his day, for prophetic glance, and who must have had *somebody* in his mind's eye when he wrote it:

"An eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at"—

there the simile ends. Newton still lives, and will live, long after "Prometheus," and his critic, are forgotten.

Straws show the direction of the wind, the set of the current. "Prometheus" says of Mr. Stearns: "He charges, with a *non dicere*, that my objections to Newton's theory have been 'boastfully advanced.'" Where did "Prometheus" learn his Latin? In the same school in which he learned his physics and his metaphysics? And, having demolished Newton and St. Paul, is he turning his hand to Cicero, and trying to teach the old Roman his mother tongue? Certainly, no well-read sophomore, *ne dicam* freshman, would so employ the Latin infinitive. He goes on: "I challenge him to point out a single boastful word I ever wrote." "Boastful word," perhaps not; but boastful sentences, more than "a single" one. For instance; the sentence cited above, from the first paragraph of his first letter, is—is it not?—a *trifle* "boastful;" just the least bit in life; like those "onion atoms" in Sidney Smith's *Salad*, which

"lurk within the bowl,
And, unsuspected, animate the whole."

And here is another sentence, from the last paragraph of the same letter, that *squints* in the same direction: "Had we not better, then, abandon the crude and delusive conceptions of a tentative science,"—that of Newton,—and seek for that *absolute truth*"—the italics are mine—"which is now attainable? Give to me, my countrymen," etc. I have no doubt that "Prometheus" honestly believes that he is not boastful, just as the Puritan honestly believes that he is not pragmatic; but the rest of mankind can't see it in that light. Here is a paragraph—the last one of his second letter—that illustrates my remark; it is one that, whatever he may think of its freedom from cynicism, to say the least, won't suffer from its modesty:

"I hope to be pardoned for adding, certainly in no cynical spirit, that strange and melancholy as the long reign of the Ptolemaic system with its cumbersome absurdities may seem to us, future generations will probably find equal food for wonder and humility in the fact that such a system as the one now prevalent ruled over the proudest and most boastful ages of the Christian civilization."

Now, as to the first part of this sentence, I take the liberty of affirming that, to a right-thinking man, there is nothing either "strange" or "melancholy" in the reign of the system in question. "Prometheus" has given me a challenge; I will give him one in return. I challenge him to point out a single "absurdity" in the Ptolemaic system, keeping to the true meaning of "absurd," as correctly laid down in *Webster*, to wit: "Opposed to manifest truth; inconsistent with reason or the plain dictates of common sense; logically contradictory." "Cumbersome" the system was, but it explained all the then known facts. The telescope had not begun its revelations, and necessity, the mother of invention, had not, therefore, driven men to find out another and a simpler system. Not so with Newton; he had all the great facts before him that were necessary to his purpose, and if, notwithstanding all this, he failed, as "Prometheus" says he did, he failed *ignominiously*. *Credat* "Prometheus," *non ego*.

Two or three more specimens of the genuine Promethean *fre*, and I will bring this long letter—six columns could hardly be replied to in a short one—to a close:

"I do not know that Mr. Stearns will ever try to reason again while he lives, for he seems to be an old man, and it is difficult to believe that his letter to *The Round Table* is not his first attempt at reasoning."

His first in *The Round Table*, and a tolerably successful one to draw out column for column in reply. Probably, "Prometheus" wishes by this time that it had been his last.

"Mr. S. argues surprisingly well here for a *débutant* of venerable years, and I do not think that when he discovers his whereabouts and gets back on the other side he can answer this, the first-born argument of his muse, or of the apple of his eye, or whatever it is that he argues with."

Sometimes, in dealing with *precocious juveniles*—and he has had a good many of them to deal with in his day—he has availed himself of the *argumentum baculinum, seu fastidium*, and he has found it especially potent in those cases where the *argumentum ad verecundiam* failed of its legitimate effect.

"Misapplying a borrowed sneer, he says that when he could not understand my book he suspected he was an idiot."—I rather think I didn't say that,—but that when he could not understand my letters on astronomy, he thanked heaven he was *not* an idiot."

Not exactly. It was because I could, and did, "understand" the letters—because I saw through their shallowness—that I came to the conclusion that the book was shallow too, and that it was not depth, but mud, that prevented me from seeing to the bottom.

"Mr. Stearns is competent to speak for himself in saying that my system will not be received, but he is not competent to speak for others." I only expressed an opinion. My words were, "I do not think," etc. And what was that opinion? Simply that the world would not be prepared to accept the system before the millennium. "Prometheus" himself went further, expressly affirming the probability that they would "flout and jeer" it.

"I know already of more than one profound and able scholar who says, unreservedly, that the few blows I have already struck have wounded Newton's system beyond recovery."

Why don't they come out, then, under their own signature, and take upon themselves openly the responsibility of so silly a declaration? And why don't "Prometheus" give us *his* name? It might make him more cautious in his utterances.

"A single word more," says "Prometheus," "and I shall have done with Mr. Stearns for ever."

This "single word" takes up two paragraphs, extending through a third of a column, and then comes, strange to say, the following:

"There is but one thing more which I should like to hear from Mr. Stearns. He has not yet told the public whether he thought my book worth reviewing or not. There are a good many boys who need protecting against the book."

I think "the public" can draw an inference; and as to the "boys," if, after reading this letter they need any further protection, heaven help them!

"Mr. Stearns is evidently equal to the occasion. Let him throw himself in front again; remembering, however, that after his late letter to *The Round Table*, everything he says or does will be taken in an opposite direction."

That being the case, I would suggest to "Prometheus," if he finds in this letter anything that he "cannot away with," instead of letting it stir up his bile again, to follow his own rule above laid down, and take it "in an opposite direction." He may thus be as comfortably unconscious of any danger to himself or to his system as an ostrich over head and ears in a quickset hedge; for, *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est lex*.

As to his comparisons and his complaints, his scoldings and his sarcasms, they disturb not my equanimity. I pattern after the Vermont farmer, whose oxen "never gave him any trouble," though they gored with their horns, leaped fences, and "perambulated promiscuously through space," because he "never let such things trouble him." A trouble of another kind I confess to—that of writing this long answer; a task not a little formidable to a plain country parson with a parish and a school on his hands, and his department in the latter not the mathematical but the classical; away from books and from the outside world, with nothing to break in upon the even tenor of his way save when some "big boy," like "Prometheus," comes along, and casting a pebble into the stream, raises a ripple on the surface,

"Wider flowing,
Fainter growing,
Till, upon the distant shore
Breaking, it is seen no more."

May the new Promethean ripple, following in the wake of the old one of last year, as speedily die out and be forgotten!

Respectfully,

EDWARD J. STEARNS.

CAMBRIDGE, MD., May 7, 1868.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in *THE ROUND TABLE* must be sent to this office.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.*

THIS book, while purporting to be a biography, has the merit of giving as compact, lucid, and comprehensive an account of the causes and merits of the Civil War—always, be it remembered, from the extreme Southern point of view—as we have yet seen. We might even go further, notwithstanding the work's literary blemishes and its frequent mistakes in taste, and say that any one ignorant or doubtful of the incitements and nature of the struggle and desirous to examine in one volume all or nearly all that intelligent Southerners have to urge in justification of their course, could find nothing better for the purpose than this life of Jefferson Davis. It is certainly one-sided and occasionally even self-contradictory; but it is intelligible, consecutive, often very interesting, usually gentlemanly in tone, and commonly, if not always, free from the exaggerations and turgidities which have disfigured so many books written on similar topics in the same interest. There are yet unfortunately few in either section who are capable of surveying these topics in a judicial spirit. The vast majority are at no pains to disguise their impatience with either writing or speech which traverses their own notions or claims examination from an opposite standpoint. With most of our own people during the war the South was simply entirely wrong, without qualification or redeeming clause, and with a still larger proportion of Southerners the North was no less so. Neither side was willing, substantially speaking, to allow the other credit even for sincerity; and the conflict was embittered and protracted by a thoroughness of conviction as to the justice of the cause which even in civil wars has only been exceeded when religious instead of political disputes have furnished the grounds of quarrel. Mr. Alfriend is a true Southerner, and his picture is painted exclusively with Southern colors. He thinks the North altogether culpable, and the South altogether

innocent. We have never believed in either proposition and hence cannot agree with his deductions in any complete sense; we must, however, admit that most of his premises are laid down with a great deal of clearness and apparent candor, and we have not the least doubt but that it would do about half a million of the extreme Radical faction of the North of both sexes a great deal of good if they were compelled to read this book deliberately through from beginning to end. It has been a very great and a very sad mistake on the part of the North which, begun in assuming all Southerners to be scoundrels and felons and hypocritical assassins together, has continued to nourish prejudice and inspire legislation which, even in the demonstrated truth of such an assumption, would be no more than justified. We shall all do well—better, at least, than we have hitherto done—when we are able to see and to acknowledge that the great mass of the Southern people thoroughly believed themselves to be in the right; that such a conviction was not less, but even more profound—even fanatical, with them, than with ourselves; that their technical argument was quite as strong throughout the contest to them as our moral argument grew to be in the sequel to us; and that no people ever yet fought on the earth as the Southerners fought in this war, *except* from an earnestness of conviction and devotion of purpose which, however inconvenient their exhibition may have proved to ourselves, and however unfortunately they were connected with the past and gone institution of slavery, were yet intrinsically worthy of the admiration of mankind.

Mr. Alfriend does not encourage us *in limine* to expect as ratiocinative a treatment of his subject as he afterward frequently affords. Indeed, some readers might be excused for shutting a book, without going further, whose introduction closes with a panegyric like this:

"Day by day he [Mr. Davis] rises beyond the reach of calumny, and his character expands into the fair proportions of the grandest ideals of excellence. An adamantine heroism of the antique pattern; purity exalted to an altitude beyond conception even of the vulgar mind; devotion which shrank from no sacrifice and quailed before no peril, were qualities giving tone to the genius which, wielding the inadequate means of a feeble Confederacy, for years withstood the shock of powerful invasion, baffled and humiliated a nation unlimited in its resources, and, in spite of disastrous failure, lends unexampled dignity to the cause in which it was employed."

Mr. Davis was born June 3, 1808, in Christian (now Todd) county, Kentucky. His father, a planter, was an officer of cavalry in the service of Georgia in the Revolution. Subsequently, the father went to Kentucky, whence, after the birth of Jefferson, his son, he moved to Mississippi. Young Davis was early sent to Transylvania University, Kentucky, where he remained up to the age of sixteen. In 1824 he was appointed by President Monroe to a cadetship at West Point. Among his contemporaries at the military academy were Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, Albert Sydney Johnston, Leonidas Polk, John B. Magruder, and others since well known to fame. In 1828 Davis received the usual appointment of brevet second-lieutenant and was assigned to the infantry; served as a staff officer on the Northwestern frontier in 1831-2; was promoted to be first-lieutenant and adjutant of a new regiment of dragoons in 1833; and afterward saw considerable service against the Indians. In 1835 he resigned his commission "and, returning to Mississippi, devoted his attention to the cultivation of cotton and to the assiduous pursuit of letters." Soon after, he married the daughter of Colonel Zachary Taylor, the officer subsequently, as General Taylor, so distinguished in the Mexican war. Mr. Davis lived on his plantation in retirement for a period of eight years. In that retirement, as his present biographer tells us,

"were sown the seed, whose abundant fruits were seen in those splendid specimens of senatorial and popular eloquence, at once models of taste and exhibitions of intellectual power; in the pure, terse, and elegant English of his matchless state papers, which will for ever be the delight of scholars and the study of statesmen; and in that elevated and enlightened statesmanship which, scorning the low ambition of demagogues and striving always for the ends of patriotism and principle, illumines, for more than a score of years, the legislative history of the Union."

In 1843, Mr. Davis was a delegate to the Democratic State Convention assembled at Jackson, and this began his political life. His great natural powers as a speaker and debater attracted early notice, and the study and reflection he had enjoyed enabled him to retain the attention thus procured. In 1844, in the Presidential contest, he was on the Democratic electoral ticket, and from this time up to 1860 was the ardent and conspicuous champion of States' Rights, while otherwise an earnest and consistent member of the Democratic party. He was elected to the House of Representatives November, 1845, and during the agitation of important questions connected with the Tariff, the Oregon controversy, the Texan adjustment, and the prosecution of the Mexican war, Mr. Davis

* *The Life of Jefferson Davis*. By Frank H. Alfriend, late editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*. Cincinnati and Chicago: The Paxton Publishing House. 1868.

was prominent and influential. He opposed Native-Americanism (speech Dec. 29, 1845), and spoke with great eloquence on the abrogation of the Oregon Convention. In the midst of his labors "he received with delight the announcement of his selection to the command of the first regiment of Mississippi volunteers." He at once resigned his congressional seat, and started directly for Mexico. Here, particularly at Buena Vista, he gained unquestionable distinction, and there is no doubt whatever that his bravery, his skill, and his substantial services in the field during Taylor's brilliant campaign have not been exaggerated even by Mr. Alfriend. It is noteworthy that Colonel Davis, on being offered by President Polk a commission as brigadier-general of volunteers, unhesitatingly declined the honor on the ground that "no such commission could be conferred by federal authority, either by appointment of the President or by act of Congress;" his theory being, of course, that the privilege belonged to the state alone. At the first session of the Thirtieth Congress Jefferson Davis took his seat as a senator of the United States, a seat which he occupied from 1847 to 1851 and from 1857 to 1861, or, in all, about eight years. Of his senatorial career most men have heard something. Mr. Alfriend speaks of it in the succeeding terms:

"His senatorial fame is a beautiful harmony of the most pronounced and attractive features of the best parliamentary models. He was as intrepid and defiant as Chatham, but as scholarly as Brougham; as elegant and perspicuous in diction as Canning, and often as profound and philosophical in his comprehension of general principles as Burke; when roused by a sense of injury, or by the force of his earnest conviction, as much the incarnation of fervor and zeal as Grattan, but, like Fox, subtle, ready, and always armed *cap à pie* for the quick encounters of debate."

Mr. Davis, although elected for a second term in the Senate, resigned his seat at the earnest solicitation of the States' Rights party of his state, to contest with Mr. Foote the gubernatorial chair of Mississippi. He was defeated, but on the election to the Presidency of Mr. Pierce in 1852, Davis was offered a seat in his cabinet, and so became Secretary of War. It would be unjust to deny that he performed the duties of this responsible post with signal diligence and ability, while there is no doubt that his knowledge of the details of the service through all its ramifications at this time attained, became subsequently of vast service to the Confederacy. While his term of office as Secretary of War was still unexpired he was elected by the Legislature of Mississippi to the U. S. Senate for the term beginning March 4, 1857. The eventful struggle that followed, the gradual consolidation and supremacy of the Republican party, the persistent, yet constantly defeated, efforts of those who loved the Union to effect a compromise, are so recently written on the page of history as to be familiar to most Americans, and Mr. Alfriend traces them at considerable length. He gives Mr. Davis's most important speeches in full, and they will be found of value as elucidating his subsequent policy and suggesting the line of his defence. Mr. Alfriend, in describing his encounters with Douglas, dwells upon the character and merits of the latter statesman at considerable length, and institutes a forcible, if prejudiced, comparison as follows:

"Douglas was pre-eminently the representative politician of his section, and throughout his career was a favorite with that boastful, bloated, and mongrel element, which is violently called the 'American people,' and which is the ruling element in elections in the Northern cities. In character and conduct he embodied many of its materialistic and socialistic ideas, its false conception of liberty, its pernicious dogmas of equality, and not a little of its rowdiness."

"Davis was the champion of the South, her civilization, rights, honor and dignity. He was the fitting and adequate exponent of a civilization which rested upon an intellectual and aesthetic development, upon lofty and generous sentiments of manhood, a dignified conservatism, and the proud associations of ancestral dignity in the history of the Union. Always the senator in the sense of the ideal of dignity and courtesy which is suggested by that title, he was also the gentleman upon all occasions: never condescending to flatter or soothe the mob, or to court popular favor, he lost none of that polished and distinguished manner, in the presence of a 'ferce democracy,' which made him the ornament of the highest school of oratory and statesmanship of his country."

We need here neither dwell nor argue upon the lamentable failure of the various attempts to preserve the peace and unity of the country which were made at this time—a time too late, it would appear, for any such consummation. The rejection of the Crittenden compromise and the unsuccessful attempts of the memorable "Committee of Thirteen" to agree upon any basis of settlement, were among the final incidents of the last legislative gathering in which the representatives of the two sections met in theoretical harmony together. Mr. Alfriend repeats and upholds the often repeated assertion of the South and its friends, that to the Republican party was due the failure to agree at this last critical moment, which led to such mournful and irretrievable catastrophe. He quotes many documents and authorities bearing on the point, including Mr. Douglas's statement in the Senate (March 2, 1861), *e. g.*:

"The senator has said, that if the Crittenden proposition could have

been passed early in the session, it would have saved all the States except South Carolina. I firmly believe it would. While the Crittenden proposition was not in accordance with my cherished views, I avowed my readiness and eagerness to accept it, in order to save the Union, if we could unite upon it. No man has labored harder than I have to get it passed. I can confirm the senator's declaration that Senator Davis himself, when on the Committee of Thirteen, was ready at all times to compromise on the Crittenden proposition. I will go further, and say that Mr. Toombs was also ready to do so."

The author also cites the statement upon the subject of Mr. Cox, then M. C. from Ohio, from which we extract this passage:

"It has been stated, to rid the Republicans of the odium of not averting the war when that was possible, that the Northern members tendered to the Southern the Crittenden compromise, which the South rejected. This is untrue. It was tendered by Southern senators and Northern Democrats to the Republicans. It was voted upon but once in the House, when it received eighty votes against one hundred and thirteen. These eighty votes were exclusively Democrats and Southern Americans like Gilmer, Vance, and others. Mr. Briggs, of New York, was the only one not a Democrat who voted for it. He had been an Old Whig and never a Republican. The Republican roll, beginning with Adams and ending with Woodruff, was a unit against it. Intermingled with them was one Southern extremist (General Hindman) who desired no settlement."

It is not to be supposed, however, that all Republicans who are thus represented as having defeated compromise had any conception of the horrors that followed, or, indeed, any idea that war would break out at all. Many believed that "the South could not be kicked out of the Union," just as many fire-eaters believed that the North would never fight. We must remember, too, that Republicans of influence were committed to the Southern doctrine of the right of peaceful secession. Thus Mr. Greeley, in *The Tribune*, November, 1860, declared: "If the cotton states shall become satisfied that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace. . . . We must ever resist the right of any state to remain in the Union, and nullify or defy the laws thereof. To withdraw from the Union is quite another matter; and whenever any considerable section of our Union shall deliberately resolve to go out, we shall resist all coercive measures designed to keep it in. We hope never to live in a Republic whereof one section is pinned to another by bayonets." Again (December 17, 1860), *The Tribune* said: "If it (the Declaration of Independence) justifies the secession of three millions of colonists in 1776, we do not see why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southerners from the Federal Union in 1861."

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA: its Geography, Climate, Soil, and Productions, with a History of its Early Settlement. Compiled by G. S. Stockwell. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1868.—A useful little volume based upon the labors of Dr. Lugenbul, many years resident in Liberia and U. S. agent there, and supplemented by historical data furnished by Mr. Coppinger. It is satisfactory to know that there is a place to which colored people may go where their presence will involve no puzzling political problems, and where a civilization exists, not incapable, from all accounts, of sustenance if not of expansion. As the compiler observes, "it may be a matter of surprise to some to learn that Liberia already has a college for her sons, having a President and Professors, whose inaugural addresses would do credit to any college in this land, for rich and scholarly thought," but a perusal of these addresses, which are given in the volume, by no means satisfies us of the truth of the further assumption that they give "conclusive evidence to the world that there are men of African blood who are competent to fill the highest positions where cultivated intellect and brilliant talents are required." Notwithstanding this, and some other rather too fanciful declarations, this book is needed, and deserves to be preserved.

Harper's Phrase Book; or, Hand-book of Travel Talk for Travellers and Schools. Being a Guide to Conversations in English, French, German, and Italian on a New and Improved Method. Intended to accompany Harper's Hand-book for Travellers. By W. Pembroke Pettridge, author of *Harper's Hand-book*, assisted by Professors of Heidelberg University. With concise and explicit rules for the pronunciation of the different languages. New York: Harper & Brothers, publishers; Paris: Galignani & Co.; London: Sampson Low & Son and W. S. Adams. 1868.—The title-page of this little book is so ample as to make it necessary for us to say little more than that it does pretty much all it promises. The four languages are arranged in parallel columns, so that one may see at a glance how to tell one's landlord that his charges are most exorbitant in French, German, Italian, and English all at once. The concise and explicit rules for pronunciation are a little worse than useless. To attempt to impart the pronunciation of a foreign language otherwise than orally is a good deal like trying to teach swimming without water. Apart from this, and to people who understand enough of these languages to dispense with any such aid, Mr. Pettridge's phrase book may be useful; to others, all books of the sort are usually a delusion and a snare.

The Inner Mystery. An Inspirational Poem. By Lizzie Doten. Boston: Adams & Co. 1868.—If we are to under-

stand by the term Inspirational Poem a poem communicated by the spirits through the medium of Miss Lizzie Doten's sympathetic influence, we accept it as a gratifying indication that educational matters in the other world are favorably progressing, that the spirits are improving in their knowledge of grammar, though not yet entirely faultless, and that their poetry is in advance of their theology.

When we say that *The Inner Mystery* is better than most compositions of its class, we are not indulging in very enthusiastic praise, but we are probably going as far as a strict consideration for truth permits. People sufficiently imbued with spiritual doctrines to pardon its general incoherency, and with culture enough to appreciate its not very frequent touches of poetic feeling and phraseology, will doubtless find *The Inner Mystery* a very remarkable production. We don't very earnestly recommend any one else to read it more than once.

Voices from the South-land. Baltimore: Kelly, Hedian & Pict. 1868.—This "touching and beautiful poem," we are advised by the preface, "was written by a lady of Talbot County, Maryland, in behalf of the Southern Relief Mite Society of the county, and at the suggestion of one of its members. In it, she represents the ladies as introducing their petitioners, and leaving them to make their own appeal." We don't find it in our heart to criticise verses written with so praiseworthy an object, and trust they will fulfil every aim of their fair author.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—Contributions Relating to the Causation and Prevention of Diseases. By Austin Flint, M.D. Pp. xviii., 667. 1867.
LORING, Boston.—Ragged Dick; or, Street Life in New York with the Boot-Blacks. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Pp. viii., 296.
WYNKOOP & SHERWOOD, New York.—Lilliput Levee: Poems of Childhood, Child-fancy, and Childlike Moods. Pp. vi., 203. 1868.
CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York.—Margaret: a Story of Life in a Prairie Home. By Lyndon. Pp. 360. 1868.
MOORHEAD, SIMPSON & BOND, New York.—Bianca Capello: a Tragedy. By Laughton Osborn. Pp. 204-419. 1868.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Man's Origin and Destiny sketched from the Platform of the Sciences. By J. P. Lesley, etc., etc. 1868.
PAMPHLETS.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Poor Humanity: a Novel. By F. W. Robinson. Pp. 178.
Brakespeare; or, The Fortunes of a Free Lance: a Novel. Pp. 148.
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—The Pirate. By Sir Walter Scott. Pp. 136.
Life of Joseph Grimaldi, the Noted English Clown. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 192.
ROBERT M. DE WITT, New York.—De Witt's Acting Plays. No. 17. Kind to a Fault. By William Brough.—No. 18. If I had a Thousand a Year. By John Maddison Morton.
A. WILLIAMS & Co., Boston.—The Position and Prospects of the United States, with respect to Finance, Currency, and Commerce. By E. H. Derby.
G. W. GREENWOOD, Washington, D. C.—The Two Rats. After Burns. By Innis More.
We have received current numbers of *The Rebellion Record*, Part lxxii.; *The Radical*—New York; *The Congregational Review*; *The Monthly Journal*—Boston.

TABLE-TALK.

MASSACHUSETTS has the opportunity, if she will avail herself of the means that ask to be accepted, to establish a museum, which, Prof. Agassiz promises, "will place science in America fifty years in advance of the old world." His address to the legislature, on the occasion of their visit to his Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, sets forth the details of his plan—one on which no museum has yet been founded, and for which, though an effort is being made to remodel the British Museum on a similar scheme, borrowed from one of his reports to the legislature, neither here nor elsewhere in Europe can the material be commanded by any single institution. Prof. Agassiz's collection, it is well known, has grown vastly within a few years. The treasures secured in his Brazilian tour alone require a building of more than double the capacity of that which he now has; and there are invaluable specimens of various kinds boxed up and inaccessible because of the lack of means for their arrangement. His design will best be understood from his own words:

"If we can obtain the means to complete this wing of the main building, it is my purpose to have a room immediately connected with the main entrance, which shall present a synoptic arrangement of the contents of the museum—a condensed representation of all the leading groups of the animal kingdom in their natural relations, perfectly legible to the intelligent observer. One side of this room shall be devoted to the illustration of the class of mammalia to which we ourselves belong. By the side of the complete animal shall be its skeleton, to explain its natural structure; its fossil representative, to tell something of its history in the past ages; its embryo, to illustrate the story of its growth. Next shall come the birds, illustrated in the same ways, and in such juxtaposition to the preceding groups as shall explain their natural relations. Next the reptiles, and then the fishes, all being so labelled and so arranged that it shall be understood by every intelligent visitor why these groups are placed together, what relation they bear to each other in the living world as it at present exists, what relation they have borne to each other in past ages, what further relation they hold and have ever held to each other in the daily problem of their growth and development. On another wall of the same room I would have the insect world in its history and growth; on another the molluscs in their order of succession, growth, and present relation; on the fourth, the radiates, or corals, sea-urchins, star-fishes, and the like. . . . With labels, perhaps with some written explanations, and with further illustrations, in drawing, I should hope to make this entrance-room explain the general purpose and scheme of the museum."

"Having thus laid down the general sketch in this entrance room, I would have four rooms separately devoted to these classes singly—one for

the vertebrates and mammalia, birds, reptiles, and fishes, one for the molluscs, one for the articulates, and one for the radiates. Here my aim should be to show the fulness, richness, diversity, endless variety, and complication of forms belonging to each of these types, each presenting a totally different series of ideas and a wonderful wealth of impressions. Nor is this all. Every part of the world has different representatives, and their geographical distribution is established according to certain laws. Our Museum should explain this; it should have its local areas, its zoological premises, to speak in scientific terms, where the inhabitants of the different continents should be brought together in their natural juxtaposition, showing how animal life is scattered over the surface of the earth. In the next place, the succession of animals in their introduction upon our planet should be illustrated. There should be a room devoted, for instance, to the extinct animals of the coal period; and then to those of the tertiary periods more immediately preceding our own geographical era. And, finally, there should be a room devoted to embryological series, showing the problem of life to-day, as wonderful in its ever-renewed miracles of growth and development as in its relation to past ages. We would thus have the history of organic life from every point of view in which it has been studied, and our Museum would be what every museum should be, a diagram of creation, so far as it is understood in the present condition of our science."

To no one person more than to Prof. Agassiz are we indebted for the scientific progress which is illustrated by the fact he narrates, that when he arrived in America it was necessary to send specimens abroad for identification and description, whereas now the positions are reversed, and European savans send hither because of the superior means for comparison which exist in this country. It is one of our misfortunes, partly in consequence of our lack of anything like a national capital, as national capitals are in Europe, partly because of the social classes which dominate, and the consequent intellectual standard of our rulers, that the Government has never been, and is unlikely to become, a patron of literature, science, or art. On the other hand, there are certain very obvious advantages which result from the diffusion among several intellectual centres of the treasures which might otherwise be monopolized by one. If, notwithstanding such drawbacks, it is still possible for us to possess the first zoological museum in the world, it becomes a matter of national interest that the state which can do herself such honor should not forego the opportunity. The importance of favorable action becomes still more evident when we learn Prof. Agassiz's apprehension that if it is not done now it never will be done. "The modern progress of our science," he says, "leads rather to isolation than to combination. The very perfection of special investigations leads to the formation of special collections which remain distinct and apart."

THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL AND STATISTICAL SOCIETY, after having been for some years apparently in a moribund state, has been revived and reconstructed. Mr. Peter Cooper has provided it with a suite of handsome rooms in the Cooper Institute, among them a lecture room for two hundred persons, and last week the first meeting was held there, Judge Daly presiding, and Mr. Cooper, Moses H. Grinnell, Dr. Hayes, and other eminent persons being present. Gen. Thomas S. Kane—who is interested in Alaska, and gave an elaborate description of it, arguing among other things that it was the proper base for such circum-polar explorations as were projected by his brother, Dr. E. K. Kane—and Dr. I. I. Hayes urged the propriety of congressional authorization of the employment of the Coast Survey in this manner; and arrangements were made for memorializing Congress about it.

PROF. JAMES ORTON and others made an expedition last year, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute, to the Andes and valley of the Amazon. As a portion of its results there were valuable collections, including many specimens previously unknown, and abundant meteorological observations—all very valuable contributions to the physical geography of South America—so that it is a matter of gratification to learn that their early publication is determined upon.

MR. E. G. SQUIER, in a rather tart note to *The Athenaeum*, in vindication of his book on Nicaragua, which a Mr. Pym has assailed, adds an interesting chapter to a somewhat protracted controversy in the same journal on the geography of the isthmus.

A LETTER from Valparaiso, which is printed in the same number, describes a visit to the Marquesas Islands and the scenes of Mr. Herman Melville's *Typee*. The admirers of that charming book will find that this letter constitutes an important appendix to it, and that it shows the proportion of fact to fancy to be much larger than, we imagine, is popularly supposed.

JUST as the monarch of old had a special attendant, whose duty it was continually to remind his master that he was mortal, so the editor of *The Tribune* should have a constant companion to remind him that he is verbose. The drouthiness, the platitude, the "damnable iteration" of *The Tribune's* political columns, are perfectly amazing to people who, previously unfamiliar with his writings, are informed with that grave persistency in hallucination so frequent with certain classes of our countrymen, that Mr. Greeley's style is a model of "terseness," of "conciseness," that he "always hits the nail on the head," etcetera. In last Saturday's *Tribune*, in a column and a half of political abuse and water, stamped with the usual blundering rusticities and incoherences, we find, in various places and following each other, but punctuation and all exactly as we print them, the following statements:

"Impeachment is statesmanship—justice—peace."
"Impeachment is Imperialism."
"Republicanism is struggling with Imperialism—the Ballot with the Sceptre."
"Impeachment is loyalty, patriotism, statesmanship."

From these diversified allegations we perceive that Impeachment, being Imperialism, is struggling with Republicanism; also, that Statesmanship, i.e. Impeachment, i.e. Imperialism, is struggling with Republicanism; also, that Patriotism is Imperialism; and that hence Republicanism and Patriotism, notwithstanding they are one and the same thing with Impeachment, are struggling with it and Imperialism, which is also the same thing, while the Ballot and Sceptre perform a Pyrrhic dance around the combatants. A little more stuff of this kind will make the public mind more cloudy about Impeachment than ever—a contingency which Mr. Greeley's previous labors render quite supererogatory.

OPINIONS concerning the poetic genius of Mr. Walt Whitman are as various in England as here. Of his prosaic ones we fancy there is likely to be very little difference of opinion. The colossal, if rugged, intellect to whom Whitman lately ventured to put himself in political opposition in *The Galaxy*—we mean Mr. Carlyle—likens him to a buffalo, useful in fertilizing the soil, but mistaken in supposing that his contributions of that sort are matters which the world desires to contemplate closely. Mr. Whitman is decidedly one of those writers who need, of all things, attrition with people and scenes entirely foreign to their previous knowledge and experience. Only the vicious mental habits that invariably spring from constant association with one's intellectual inferiors could possibly lead a man of Whitman's natural powers to expose himself by publishing such inconceivable drivel as his pseudo-political articles in the magazine we have named. Heaven knows the world is travelling towards unbridled, monotonous, and unclean Democracy quite fast enough, and needs no barbaric yaws like these to help it along. Indeed, such yaws rather retard the machine they are meant to accelerate, for the reason that they excite derision instead of admiration—contempt instead of conviction.

MR. BATEMAN proceeds at once to Paris, whence he purposes to bring fresh attractions in the way of Opera Bouffe with which to open at Niblo's on the 11th of July. After all that has been said in reprehension of the morality of the *Duchesse* and *Hélène*, it remains to be admitted that these performances have been more attractive to the cultivated classes of New York than any, with the exception of Italian, opera presented to them for many seasons; while even the Italian opera has been fairly beaten by the Bouffe out of the field. Mr. Bateman has been greatly censured by a certain set of people—and, we believe, by some of them with perfect sincerity—for the broadness which he has permitted in the action and dialogue of his company, and which has gone further, as is alleged, than occasion demanded or propriety warranted. To this it is to be said, that managers and actors are necessarily and almost irresistibly impelled to permit and to do what audiences *best like*; and that the evidences of their preference are unmistakable. We should be gratified if the license hitherto so greatly enjoyed could be toned down, and that very considerably, hereafter; but we do not believe in scolding the managers and letting off the public scot free. Even the lascivious ballets which have enriched a few not too scrupulous persons in the community are what the public, like the children who demand the quack cordial, cry for, and for whose existence the public as well as the successful quack is, therefore, responsible.

WE are glad to see that our recent suggestion as to the feasibility of introducing into this city Family Club Houses, on the plan of the Belgrave mansions in London, bids fair to be put to a practical test. *The World* of the 9th inst. contains a plan and detailed description of such a building, which seems to meet every requirement of economy elegance and comfort. The average rental of the various apartments is estimated at \$2,000 per annum, which seems to us moderate enough, considering the importance, as is judiciously suggested in the paper, of erecting the pioneer building in elegant style, and in a fashionable quarter, to secure the countenance and support of a class without whose example their poor, but superior, neighbors could never be brought to the ignominy of living over a "store." The plan suggested combines some of the features of the co-operative system, with many of the advantages of club and hotel life; and we hope that a sufficient amount of enterprise and capital may be found to give it a trial. We believe it is in successful operation in London, and we see no reason to doubt at least an equal success here.

MR. ANDREW BOYD, whose varied collection of memorials of Mr. Lincoln we have mentioned on a former occasion, has added to them a sumptuous pamphlet, of which but seventy-five copies are printed. It consists of a fac-simile, reproduced apparently by photo-lithography, of the cartoon by Tenniel, which appeared at the time in *Punch*, then, after a few pages of introductory eulogy of Lincoln, the famous poem which then accompanied it. The workmanship is as fine a specimen as we have seen from Mr. Munsell's press, and the execution is, in general, worthy of such a memorial of the most tragic event in our national history.

MR. G. R. CATHCART has become the editor and sole proprietor of *The American Publisher and Bookseller*, and this change has been accompanied by a very desirable transformation in the size and shape of the publication, which were previously rather disagreeable. It is now an octavo of 56 pages, and looks very much like *The London Bookseller*, resembling it not only in appearance and neatness, but in its interest for all who have to do with books, whether of "the trade" or not.

BOSTON, it is rumored, is to have another monthly magazine.

MESSRS. POTT & AMERY, having become the American publishers of Mr. George Washington Moon, offer for sale, for the first time in this market, the sixth edition of *The Dean's English*, an edition which, as we have several times mentioned, is much more desirable than its predecessors. In this edition many parts of the work have been rewritten; much additional matter has been interspersed throughout; the four prefaces have been condensed into one, and it contains more than any previous edition, though the number of pages is fewer than the fifth edition has, thus enabling the work to be sold in this country at less than heretofore. Messrs. Pott & Amery have also the third edition of Mr. Moon's poem, *Elijah the Prophet*; and will publish his forthcoming work, *Bad English*, in which are exposed the errors of Lindley Murray and other grammarians.

MESSRS. LEYPOLDT & HOLT announce for early publication—in two editions, one on large paper, of which but fifty-five copies will be printed—*The Myths of the New World: A Treatise on the Symbolism and Mythology of the Red Race of America*, by Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D., etc., etc. The author's own investigations, we are told, are supplemented by the collection of the results of previous studies by European and American ethnologists, and the very interesting but much neglected subject receives a treatment which, to judge merely from the detailed table of contents, may fairly be called exhaustive.

MESSRS. BAKER, VOORHIS & CO. announce a new and greatly enlarged edition of *A Treatise on the Measure of Damages*, by Theodore Sedgwick, edited by Henry D. Sedgwick; *Townsend on Slander and Libel*; *Abbott's Digest of the Law of Corporations*; *Blatchford's U. S. Circuit Court Reports*, Vol. IV.; *Digest of Fire Insurance Decisions*, by Littleton & Blatchley, new edition from 1862 to 1868, by Stephen G. Clarke; and *Gerard's Manual for the Examination of Titles to Real Estate*.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON announce *Reminiscences of European Travel*, by Andrew P. Peabody, D.D.; and *King Sham, and other Atrocities in Verse, including a Humorous History of the Pike's Peak Excitement*, by Laurence Greenleaf.

LORD BROUGHAM's death, at his estate near Cannes, in the south of France, on the 9th instant, breaks almost the last link which bound the present political generation to the past. Although he had in great measure outlived his usefulness, his death cannot but be regretted by all who remember his earnest and zealous advocacy of progress and reform, his forcible assertion of the principles of political liberty throughout those stormy days, when to be a reformer, in England, was almost to be a traitor; and even America will be glad to forget his coldness during her recent tribulation, remembering only his generous championship of her cause when she and he were younger. A skilful statesman, an eloquent orator, a crafty lawyer, a true and telling writer, Lord Brougham's attainments were as vast as his talents were versatile; and there are few departments of science or literature into which his acute and vigorous mind did not penetrate. His contributions to current literature were numerous, beginning with an *Essay on the Refraction and Reflection of Light*, before the completion of his 18th year, and ending with his *Political Philosophy*, the last, if we mistake not, and in many respects, the most interesting, of his works. It is, however, as a lawyer and parliamentary debater, as the denouncer of what our school histories used to call the infamous "Orders in Council," as the defender of Queen Caroline, the advocate of Catholic emancipation, of the suppression of the slave trade, and of the abolition of flogging in the army, that Lord Brougham won his chief distinction and his most abiding fame.

DR. LIVINGSTONE's letters, now published in the English papers, and dated from August, 1866, to February, 1867, go to show, from his explorations in the country between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, that the outflow of the latter was not southward or coastward, but northward and Nileward, and that before him, beyond the water-shed where he rested and wrote (4,500 feet above sea-level and about 3,000 feet above the level of either of the lakes), lay the river Simapula, "which is said to be very large, and flows into Lake Tanganyika." The place is Benaba, about 10° 10' lat. S. and 31° 31' E.

DR. MACLEOD, on the 4th of April, was in Egypt on his way home from his Indian tour among the Scottish churches. His health must evidently be better than was indicated by the rumor we lately mentioned, for at Alexandria he preached twice, and also delivered a lecture on *India, its Missions and People*; and, says the letter whence we get our information, "the chair on that occasion was occupied by the Right. Rev. the Bishop of Jerusalem, who is at present on a visit to Alexandria, and who, in the true spirit of Christian love and brotherhood, at once consented to preside at the meeting."

MR. WILLIAM TALLACK is about to publish *George Fox, the Friends, and the Early Baptists*,—a volume which is said to be the result of a special study of widely scattered material, illustrating the personal character and private life of George Fox, and his influence on the religious life of his time, and in which he traces, it is claimed for the first time, the doctrine and the constitutionalism of Quakerism to the old-time Baptists. Two of Mr. Tallack's previous works have come under our notice, memoirs of Thomas Shillitoe and of Peter Bedford, and they are certainly by several degrees less unpleasant, less tedious, and less compact with canting jargon than any others of their kind which we know.

Still, with a very large respect for the Quakers, we have quite as largely a dreary horror of books from their pens.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS, writing to *The Athenaeum* in explanation of the report we mentioned last week, that his *Jason* was to be expanded into a much larger work, states that *Jason* is not to be incorporated with anything else, that his *Earthly Paradise* will be published in two parts, that the large and numerous designs for it are by Mr. E. Burne Jones, not by himself, and that neither poem nor designs will appear for some time. The Boston correspondent of *The American Publisher and Bookseller*, however, mentions that the *Earthly Paradise* is now passing through the press of the Messrs. Roberts Bros.—statements which we do not see how to reconcile.

M. JULES FAVRE last month took his seat in the French Academy as the successor of M. Cousin, before as great an audience, says the correspondent of *The London Daily*

News, who was present, "as ever was seen on such an occasion. More," he continues, "it were impossible to say, because every spot within the arena of the institute on which a human being could possibly be and remain, sitting or standing, was occupied." His speech, which was a long one, was in part devoted to proving that Christianity, political liberty, and philosophical liberty conduce to the support of one another, and to the prosperity of states. He recalled the time when, a timid student, he had listened to the lectures of Cousin, and the incredulity, the fear, with which he should then have heard that he was one day destined to take the place of that great thinker among his illustrious associates. Among many allusions which he made to contemporary politics, the most forcible, and the most vehemently applauded, was one borrowed from M. Cousin's works, which, speaking treason of "universal suffrage," as understood in Imperial official circles, was to the effect that no apparent consent could leave society a lawful prey to

ignorance and corruption, and that even if it were demonstrated that a whole people held out their hands and begged to be made slaves, tyranny would not be therefore justifiable. He took the opportunity of declaring himself a thorough partisan of "woman's rights," but, goes on the writer, "as I observe, he spoke of the 'restoration' of woman. I do not exactly know what he means."

COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT—the Paris correspondent of *The Publishers' Circular* states, writing however under the date of March 1—is still in the same state; he quits his bed, but is so weak he is obliged to lie on a sofa the greater part of the day. He cannot write; his article on *Gen. Zamoyski* was dictated to a secretary.

MR. SWINBURNE and M. Alexander Dumas, we learn from late London advices, have jointly produced a new sensational, spectacular, classico-romantic drama for Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, entitled *Ursa Major*.

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quisite sensation of which one of the senses is capable, baptize your handkerchief with Phalon's Extract of the **Fior De Mayo**. The perfume has no equal in the world of nature or of art. Pure as delightful, it produces no stain on the whitest fabric.

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PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE.

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DOTY'S CLOTHES WASHER.

Extract from Report of Farmers' Club, New York, 1867.

"WASHING MACHINES.—William D. Osborn, Port Byron, Cayuga County, N. Y., asks: 'Will the Club give us its opinion of washing-machines? Is it economy to pay fourteen dollars for one of Doty's machines? Will it wash farmers' clothes clean, and not be too hard work for the women? Washing-machines have so generally proved to be failures that I am afraid of throwing away my money upon one.'

"**SOLOMON ROBINSON**—If you had to pay ten times the money you mention, it would be the best investment you ever made upon your farm. But you must not have that alone. Get the Universal Clothes-Wringer with it, and your wife and children will rise up and call you blessed. For they will find washing made easy."

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Israel Knight, a young man just approaching his majority, opened his Bible at Ezekiel xlviii. 35, and read, "And the name of the city from that day shall be *The Lord is There*." Reflecting upon this, he said, "Oh! that I might find the city with that name!" The fact that, somewhere, there is a church, a peculiar people, whose name is rightly "The Lord is There," was impressed upon his mind, and he determined to search for it. In his *Way to the City* he relates his experience among the Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Quakers, Swedenborgians, Spiritualists, Universalists, Unitarians, and how he finally found the city with the name, "The Lord is There." The author writes in a very forcible and popular style, giving many "hard hits" in a good-natured way. This will secure him a large circle of readers, especially with all who are looking toward a visible unity of the Church.

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NO DRUGS FOR ME.

Let those who cling to drugs,
The poison swallow down,
Blister with Spanish bugs,
Bleed, purge, and vomit round.

Dumb beasts disgusted turn
Their noses high in air;
Brute instinct makes them spurn,
Refuse it everywhere.

Shall man be lower still,
Coax, force the nostrums down
Between the teeth, and kill
A child in every town?

A mother holds the nose,
And pries the jaws apart;
Her child, compelled by blows,
Will drink to save more smart.

The day is drawing near,
God brings you to account;
Such sins breed horrid fear,
A long and black amount.

I teach a better plan,
Just read and you will see,
In Chatham Square you can,
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Drives inflammation out,
Brings back the smile to laughing eyes,
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Pain Paint is trumps, we bet our pile,
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